NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1879. | VOLUME XXVII.—No. 35. Price Ten Cents.

WE MET BUT ONCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ANNIE HINDLE.

We met but once, and yet how fair
Each form and feature. Few more rare
Had ever met my gaze, and yet
Can we that meeting e'er forget?
Forget it? Never! while the sun shall rise,
Or with his parting rays light up the skies.

We met but once. Her merry peal
Of laughter, which methinks I feel
E'en yet, as coursing through my heart
It sped—Oh, can it e'er depart?
Depart! No, never while I breathe and move,
Or, pilgrim-like, through life's sad journey rove.

We parted once; we had but met
To part; nor can I e'er forget
The parting, though now, not then,
I knew could ne'er be ours again.

The grass, now green beneath the dew of heaven,
Is waving sadly o'er her early grave;
Her spirit hovers in that peaceful haven
Where all that's given returns to Him who gave.

Life is a bubble on the stream of time,
A transient dream of happiness and tears;
The former, bursting, leaves no trace behind;
The latter, broken, calmly disappears.

We meet and part, and, parting, meet no more
Amid our worldly strife for happiness and fame,
Till change, that monitor of time, restores
Us to the clay from whence our bodies came.

AT EVERY HAZARD;

OR,

THE BLACKWELL ENTANGLEMENT

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WALTER EDGAR McCANN.

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CHAPTER VII.—ROLLINER WRITES A LETTER.

Richard Rolliner was, I think, a thoroughly honest man, and one who concerned himself little about other business than his own. Insincere people were seldom easy in his presence, and for this reason he had few friends. He rarely expressed himself without being called unon; but in his look there was something fatal to the prosperity of shams and humbug, and rogues, as far as possible, kept out of his way.

Sometimes in his speech, notwithstanding he had long been trying to correct the habit, he was a little abrupt; but no man had a kinder heart. Also he hated meddling. Now he was considering a step that involved a direct violation of his life's practice.

On the evening after his ride he paid a visit to old Arthur Folroyd. Mr. Folroyd was at home, and seemed glad to see him, and they went to the library, where there was a cosy bit of fire in the grate, and at once both had their cigars going.

"Well, Dick, where have you been? What's all the news? You find me alone, as usual," said Arthur Folroyd, with a laugh that was a little dreary, and looking into the fire; "and a bit lonesome, maybe. Awfully long the evenings are in Autumn and Winter! More than sixty minutes in an hour, Dick."

"I thought you boasted of never feeling lonesome," said Rolliner, pulling at his weed.

"So I did; and I used to quote that saying of the old Roman—or Greek fellow—which was it? —I've forgotten my classics these forty years— 'Never less alone than when alone'—don't you remember? Well, I believe these epigrams have generally more wit than truth in them, Dick;" and he chuckled softly after his fashion. "A man is sufficient for himself in youth," he went on after a minute; "but I can tell you, Dick, the sting of age is its solitude. You feel lost and in the way; all those who grew up with you are gone; there are new people and a new order of things in which you have no place; and you can't help experiencing a certain melancholy. Don't you often notice in the papers, Dick, where men have committed suicide at the age of seventy and eighty, and even more, and the editors think it so odd they should have anticipated what must have been only a question of time, and a short one? But, my dear fellow, don't you know those old fellows have found it insupportable—they have grown impatient—their loneliness and despondency were driving them mad—and what could they do but bring about the end by the only method left?"

Rolliner laughed and knocked off his ashes. "I hope you are not thinking ——"

"No; I don't say that I am, of course. Nothing, I trust, could drive me to a crime like that, or even to entertain the thought for an instant. But I only wish to give you some idea of how an old bachelor feels sometimes, particularly when he has to get though a long Winter evening."

"Well," said Rolliner, looking around, "there are your books. I wish I had your library; I should be content to spend the remainder of my life on Robinson Crusoe's island, without even the parrot."

"Books, of course, are an immense resource—impossible to estimate what a boon they are; but one wearies even of them, I find

"But new ones are always coming out."

"So they are, so they are, Dick; but the new writers saw pretty much the same as the old have said, only not as well. There is a fatiguing monotony about it all, I'm afraid. Have some wine, will you? There's sherry and port; but I think you'll say port is the best."

"I'll say that at a venture," laughed Rolliner, "without trying the other."

So Mr. Folroyd rang the bell and gave the order, and pretty soon in came the port.

"I yawn dismally here every evening," pursued the old gentleman over his glass, "till about ten or eleven, and then get to bed, and I can't always sleep. *Ennui* makes a fellow wakeful—'that awful yawn which sleep cannot abate,' as Byron says—sleep might, though, if it could be got."

"Capital wine, this," said Richard thoughtfully, but, not, I think, caring much about the wine, busy with quite other things, "and—and it is as you say, I suppose—tedious sometimes, and I may come to feel it if I live long enough."

"You will, Dick—you will, mark me."

"You should have married," said Rolliner quietly, looking at his liquid velvet.

Arthur Folroyd laughed and emptied his glass hastily, and filled it again.

"Do you think so?"

"Years ago. You would have been a different man. Lots of rosy cheeks you'd have had by this time."

"I dare say. Yes, I often think I *should* have been happier if I had taken a wife. It is not good for man to be alone, doesn't the Scripture say? I've forgotten my Scripture as well as my classics; but I think I recollect something like that. I really wish I had married; but," he added gravely, "you know why I did not, Dick?"

Rolliner nodded. He saw with the corner of his eye that his friend was smiling sentimentally, and that the subject was an agreeable one.

"I often think now," pursued Mr. Folroyd, "that my resolution in that respect was rather romantic than wise. Well, one thing is certain: I am quite free now."

Rolliner cleared his voice and waited, still agitating the thimbleful or so in his glass.

"I am quite free now, and—and I know you will laugh, Dick—but more than once lately, sitting here by myself, I have pictured another scene—a pleasanter one by a good deal—that—that might be made a reality. I confess it—I don't deny a word of it, Dick. Ha! he!" and he chuckled bashfully.

"So you are thinking of marrying ——"

"I don't say quite that, you know. Don't take me up so quickly, Dick. But I do say that—that if I were to marry I believe I should be a happier man."

Rolliner swallowed his wine and stared thoughtfully into the glass, and after a minute said deliberately:

"Were you thinking of anyone particularly?"

"Have some more. This *is* good port. I forgot where I got it, but I must get it renewed. And—a—what was it you said? Oh, yes! Whether I—whether anyone in particular had occurred to me. Well, I—I don't know; my—my circle is limited—I mean the eligible class—but—a—it did strike me. Dick, that—that a lady—a friend of ours—might, you know—might ——" he hesitated.

"Miss Blackwell," said Rolliner, with an almost sonorous distinctness.

"Ha!—h'm—how the—how did you guess it?" laughed Mr. Folroyd, as embarrassed as a boy, and actually wriggling in his chair. "I—of course it was only an idea—a very wild one, perhaps—but—but, Dick, honestly, what do you think of it?"

"There is always objection where there is disparity of years," said Dick firmly, and, I am afraid, cruelly.

Mr. Folroyd winced, and drank off his wine hastily and with an extremely serious countenance.

"So there is, and very justly where an old—an elderly man thinks of marrying a schoolgirl or—or that kind of thing; but Miss Blackwell, my dear Richard, is, you must be aware, a settled woman, with wisdom and discretion beyond her years; and—and you certainly wouldn't have me marry a woman as old as myself?"

"No; and I did not understand you to say that you had quite made up your mind to marry at all. I hope you will ponder well before you take that step at your time of life," said Rolliner in his terribly relentless fashion. "And about Miss Blackwell, I prefer just yet to express no opinion, unless you really make it a point of friendship," he added.

"No—no, Dick," said his companion quickly; "she is quite a stranger to you, and, of course, any opinion of yours with regard to her, being hastily formed, must, necessarily, to a certain extent, do her injustice."

Rolliner was silent.

"You must see more of her before you judge; and I am very glad to say that you will have an early opportunity to meet her again. I have had a note from Somerville. He gives a small dinner-party—quite informal, you know—next week, and wishes you to come. He did not know your address, or he would have communicated with you himself. I'll show you the note."

He took it from his escritoire in the corner.

"He has asked, he says, Miss Blackwell and her brother, both," said Rolliner, reading, and a good deal surprised. "I was not aware that he knew Dacey Blackwell."

"Nor does he; but the idea is—don't you see? —to make him a little circle here in New York, just as we have done for his sister. They are both clever and accomplished young people, and Somerville and his wife feel it a duty to take them by the hand. Everything is to be quite informal. Next Wednesday, is it not? You will come, of course."

"Your ward is asked, too," said Rolliner.

"I shall write to Irene; but I don't think she will care to leave her friends—those Smallwoods are such pleasant people. Indeed, it is hardly worth while to write."

"Still, I think it would be proper to convey the message," suggested Rolliner.

"Yes, perhaps so; and I *will* write, then, if you think it best, though I am quite sure Irene will not avail herself. But *you* must not fail us, Dick. I count on you because I want you to see more of Constance, and also to meet her brother. I have not met him myself yet; but I learned—I have reason to believe—that he is in the city."

Rolliner promised. He was, in fact, very well pleased with this accident of the dinner-party. He had some curiosity to meet Dacey Blackwell himself—more, perhaps, than Mr. Folroyd had any idea of.

Richard Rolliner parted with his host pretty late, and as he walked homeward was certainly not in so bright a mood as such capital wine should have put him.

"He thinks Irene will not come. Is the wish father to the thought? *I* think Irene *will* come, because I shall write to her myself and give her good reasons. She should see something of Miss Blackwell, to judge of her also."

He did write to Miss Hernsdale that very night—quite a long, gossiping letter; many amusing things in it; something that he fancied would set his fair correspondent to thinking; and when he folded this pleasant missive in its envelope, and put on his hat, preparatory to taking it to the box, the clocks were striking one.

CHAPTER VIII.—WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

It was one o'clock, and the moon, being past her first quarter, was very bright. How clear and sharp were the houses out! What queer black shadows they made. Here, indeed, was nothing but intense brightness and no intense shade. What grotesque sights one may, with a little fancy, discern in moonlit, deserted streets at midnight. Richard Rolliner walked with sharply echoing footsteps in the direction of the letter-box. He saw no one—nothing—not even a policeman, not even a stray dog or cat. A burial-ground could hardly have been more silent.

Just as he reached the corner, a man turned round it from the transverse street. He had on a soft drab hat and light Autumn overcoat, and was walking rather quickly, though with that easy, graceful step which marks a gentleman; and as he passed Rolliner each looked sharply into the other's face. Rolliner recognized him—it was the young man he had seen at the music-hall—Dacey Blackwell, he felt sure; and in the momentary shock of the surprise—he had been thinking of that very man—Mr. Rolliner came to a stop.

A second afterward, he proceeded without turning his head; nor did he do this until he crossed the flagstones and reached the box. It was just at that point that he recovered his presence of mind. He now scrutinized the surroundings eagerly; but the stranger had vanished as completely as if the earth had swallowed him—into thin air, perhaps, like the witches in "Macbeth;" certainly, what had seemed corporal had melted as breath into the wind. Rolliner stood still, under the lamp, with a disappointed smile.

"Only a coincidence," he reflected; "but an odd one, view it as you may. Of Dacey Blackwell I was thinking—behold Dacey Blackwell appears before me!"

He glanced again in the direction the apparition had taken. What is fancy?—was it the disposition of the shadows?—or was that really a human figure standing there?

The house was a grocery, as might be seen by the sign, and about the door stood certain boxes and barrels. These were visible, more or less plainly. But was there not something else there—something living and breathing, and perhaps watching? Rolliner felt an impression to this effect with the distinctness of conviction. He was now absolutely assured that Dacey Blackwell stood in those shadows, on an oblique line from him, separated only by the street, holding him under a stealthy and steady surveillance.

Rolliner, as I have related, had been a sailor, and had the eye of a vulture. He was by this time perfectly cool. With a steady and penetrating scrutiny he scanned the suspicious spot. With every passing instant his surmises became more positive. Still, in so uncertain a world as this, one may be mistaken about anything. He determined to place his doubts beyond peradventure. He began crossing the street.

He had not taken many steps when he saw a spectral figure gliding softly away in the moonlight. He hastened his pace, and instantly a sort of pursuit began. In the excitement of the chase, Rolliner forgot that he was on the wrong side of the street to keep his game well in view; but it was now too late to remedy this. On he went, at a rapid pace, the object of his pursuit now visible in the moonlight, now eclipsed by the shadow of a house, an awning, or some other obstacle; and now, all of a sudden, at the bend of the street, the apparition vanished altogether. Mr. Blackwell had probably turned the corner.

Rolliner followed as swiftly as possible, breaking into a run, and soon got round the corner also, and so went on and on, looking always sharply about him, into doorways and down areas; but it became pretty evident that he had been eluded. It was annoying, it was exasperating; and at length, quite breathless, he came to a halt. For a minute he gave vent to his vexation in soliloquy, and then the real force of the situation struck him, as well as something of its humorous phase. Yet, ridiculous as it was to be chasing this Mr. Dacey Blackwell through the streets by moonlight, the grave circumstance was clear, that Mr. Blackwell knew him, and was, for some reason or other, suspicious, and, perhaps, afraid of him.

"How can he have learned my identity? Why does he distrust me? There must be a cause at the bottom of it. A man whose life is clear invites scrutiny or resents it; he is never alarmed at it. Evidently he did not come this far; he must have concealed himself at the instant he turned the corner. I have lost him for good to-night; but I think I shall go over the ground again, and if possible find the covert he used."

So, a good deal chagrined and vexed, Richard Rolliner slowly retraced his steps, carefully examining both sides of the way, and presently he reached the grocery.

On the corner diagonally from him he saw, with a thrill of surprise, once more, the person he was certain was Dacey Blackwell, apparently

MLLE. JEANNE SAMARY, ACTRESS.

tampering with the letter-box! Rolliner did not hesitate now. He sprang across the street, and the man darted quickly away, and another and much swifter pursuit began. Away they went at tremendous pace, like men walking for a wager; Blackwell turned into Clinton place, and the several people whom he passed looked after him in astonishment, and probably surmised that he was in search of a doctor, or on his way, with only a few minutes left, to catch a train. Suddenly the darkness swallowed him again.

Rolliner this time kept in view the point at which he had vanished, and when he reached it found himself standing before a cigar-shop, still open, with a door and a very dimly lighted stairway to the left. Rolliner wheeled quickly, and went up the rather narrow and steep steps. He felt certain that he was on the right track.

CHAPTER IX.—INFERNO.

On the lobby above lounged a rough-looking man in his shirt-sleeves, and with a cigar in his mouth. As Rolliner approached, he took a broom from the corner, beneath a gas-jet turned down very low, and began lazily sweeping the platform. Rolliner was about to pass him, without saying anything, when, with an abrupt movement, he extended his arm before a door on the right.

"No admission, sir," said this person deliberately. "It's a private supper-party."

Rolliner hesitated. A thought occurred to him.

"My friend has just gone in—Mr. Blackwell."

"Oh!" returned the janitor, lifting his arm instantly. "That's all right, sir. Pass in."

He opened the door, and Rolliner entered a place that he understood at first glance was a gambling-hall; and the door closed softly behind him.

A rapid survey showed two rooms divided by an arch and rich curtains of crimson damask.

A long mahogany table covered with green baize stood in this apartment, at one end of which sat a man with a large wheel before him—a man past sixty, with gray hair and clear rosy skin, like a baby's.

On both sides of the table were other men of different ages and notionalities, and all varieties of dress; some erect, some sitting, some leaning over, some in indescribable attitudes; each with a numbered card before him and some counters, and on each face there was eagerness and rapt absorption.

The profound silence was broken every minute by the old man who had charge of the wheel crying, after he had turned it, some number, with a curious, prolonged note, like a sigh, at the end, as:

"Twenty-four—ah!" and presently, "thirty-three—ah!" and after a while, "seventeen—ah!"

Rolliner knew by this that he was in a gambling-house of the lower class, and that this was the game called "Keno." No one looked round at his appearance, and he went quickly to the table, and, purchasing one of the numbered cards with the necessary counters, placed both on the green baize before him. Then, cautiously and almost without raising his eyes, he took a more elaborate survey.

Among the gentlemen in hats and coats, nearly all vigorously smoking and all intent upon their game, he saw many peculiar faces, but not that of Dacey Blackwell. Here were the bearded-like countenances of mere boys, and here the sodden visages of men old in sin. Some of these faces were sinister. They belonged to fellows you would not care to get acquainted with or even to be very close to in a throng if you had anything valuable in your pockets. You would feel extremely uncomfortable to meet them in a lonely road on a dark night.

Rolliner, however, was not at all nervous. He had been in much worse places than this in the course of his travels as a seaman—the vilest dens of London and San Francisco; here, indeed, there was no reason for the least alarm. The game went on; but he did not mind. Was the man he wished to see or be sure of in the other room? He was pretty well satisfied of it. Suddenly, after the announcement of a number, his neighbor touched him on the arm and said:

"You have that—don't you see?"

Rolliner thanked him and made the mark-

In a minute or two somebody won and he withdrew. He now strolled listlessly to the curtained arch, and passing under, entered the other room. Here was another table, not so much crowded, and the game of faro was in progress. In the corner stood a buffet, attended by waiters in white aprons, and furnished with cold meats and game-pies, and other things, and with a variety of liquors.

As Rolliner approached he saw Dacey Blackwell, deep in the game, mindful of nothing about him. He was half seated on the arm of a chair at one end of the table and his chin resting on his hand. There was a sort of frowning anxiety in his handsome and rather effeminate face, and Rolliner conjectured that his planets that night were not fortunate. Rolliner began betting, and presently won, and, his first *coup* being a handsome one, general attention was attracted to him, and among the rest, Blackwell looked up. A sudden surprise flashed across his eyes, dismissed the same instant, and the young man appeared to be looking vaguely over Rolliner's shoulder, as if he had not seen him at all, and as if something quite beyond was occupying his thoughts. It was very cleverly done, and the blank, careless gaze might have deceived ninety men out of a hundred; but it did not mislead him for whom it was intended.

One thing was now established. "Dacey Blackwell knows me, and for some reason of his own distrusts me," thought Richard Rolliner.

The game proceeded. It is an old truth that fortune is disposed to be kindest to those who do not care for her favor. Our friend Richard, heedless how the cards went, found his winnings piling up around him in most extraordinary fashion. No matter how he changed his bets, the luck was the same.

On the other side of the table, Dacey Blackwell, pursued by the malignant fates, could win nothing. His countenance darkened to a thunderous hue as his money continued to slip from him, and he scowled viciously upon the cards and upon the flashy-looking dealer, with the vulgar diamond breast-pin and glossy moustache, and upon the other gentlemen, Christian and Jewish, gathered about the table; but never once did his glance seem to travel in the direction of Richard Rolliner.

The latter was beginning to feel that it was time to withdraw. He gathered up his "chips," followed by the greedy eyes of the crowd, and exchanged them, and then walked to the buffet and asked for a liquor-glass of brandy. He was sipping this, with his back to the table, when he happened to look in the mirror in front of him. Here the whole room was reflected. He saw Dacey Blackwell in close conversation with three men. From their looks it was plain that the subject of their talk was himself. What were they planning? A robbery? Dacey Blackwell would hardly be guilty of anything like that. Still the aspect of things was suspicious, and Rolliner determined to leave the gambling-house at once. He was not armed; but he had a pair of stout fists that had done execution in their day, and that he felt he could depend on to the utmost. Apparently noticing nothing, he sauntered through the arch, and stood for a minute or so overlooking the keno game in the first room. With the corner of his eye he perceived that the three men had followed him, and stood now only a few feet away. One was a thick-set fellow, with a bull-neck and close-cropped side-whiskers; rather meanly dressed, and about fifty years of age. The others were younger, and evidently less dangerous men.

Rolliner now walked to the door and passed out, and had taken a step or two upon the landing when the three men also emerged from the room, and, advancing quickly, succeeded in getting before him. They were all just at the top of the stairs. Rolliner had his left hand on his money. Suddenly he was hustled; a simultaneous movement took place not exactly describable; but he was pushed and knocked backward and shoved forward; and, lifting his arm, he struck out. A fight followed. Rolliner, still grasping his money with his left, used his right hand, in the Donnybrook style, whenever he could see anything to hit. A well-directed blow knocked one of his assailants headlong down the stairs; another landed on the thick-set fellow's mouth, driving him backward, and bringing his hat unexpectedly over his eyes. But meanwhile Rolliner had received two or three thumps about the head himself, and, seizing his opportunity, he rushed down the stairs, leaping three or four steps at a time, just as the door of the gambling-house opened, and the crowd within, having heard the noise of the scuffle, came pouring out.

Rolliner hastened to Broadway, and soon turned the corner, and there dropped into his ordinary gait. His money was quite safe; but somehow he felt assured that he had not been attacked for his money. The whole affair had happened by Dacey Blackwell's connivance; but for what purpose?

TO BE CONTINUED.

MLLE. JEANNE SAMARY,

a *societaire* of the Comedie Francaise, Paris, France, carried off the first prize for comedy at the Conservatoire June 27, 1875, she being then eighteen years and three months of age. She made her debut in August of that year at the Comedie Francaise, acting the difficult part of Dorine in "The Tartuffe," meeting with so much success that her talent was generally acknowledged. All that was then needed to ratify that success was the creation of an original role, and that condition was incontestibly fulfilled Dec. 4, 1875, by her acting in "Petite Pluie." Since then she has labored assiduously, testing her artistic abilities in both the ancient and the modern repertory. Last January she was accorded the privileges of the societariat. In the roles of servants, in high comedy, she is said to be incomparable.

Wanted to Join the Circus.

Last evening, after the performance was over at the circus, a young man called on Chiarini and said he wanted to see him on private business. The old veteran took him into his private office, and received him with his usual politeness.

"I came up all the way from Carson to see the show, and I'd like to join," said the young man.

"Oh, I see," said the circus man. "You are a well-formed, healthy-looking young fellow, and I like to encourage such as you."

The youth's face brightened.

"You don't chew, smoke or drink, I hope?"

"Oh, no! honor bright—except soda and beer."

"You can't leave off these bad habits. They weaken the muscles and paralyze the nerves. You can soon stop drinking; but your salary will not be large until you have overcome these tendencies. A little lemonade—circus lemonade—is all that the performers drink. Call at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning, and I will see what I can do. You mustn't expect over $50 a week, though, at first. We never pay high salaries until we know just what a man can do."

The delighted Carsonite went away, and next morning was on hand.

Chiarini took him to a tent where three immense Bengal tigers were caged. Handing him a curry-comb and a pair of sheers, he remarked:

"Your duties will be comparatively light at first. You will go into the cage and curry the tigers down every morning, and about once a week cut their claws; keep 'em down pretty short, so that when they attack the tiger-tamer Mr. Wilson they won't lacerate him much. Sometimes, but not more than once a month, you may have occasion to file their teeth. You just throw the animal on his back, and hold his head between your knees. If he acts rough, belt him on the nose a few times. Keep belting him until he quiets down."

"Haven't you got a vacancy in the art department?" asked the young man from Carson.

"Is art in your line?" inquired Chiarini.

"Yes," drawled the young man. "In the circuses I've always run with I was employed to paint the stripes on the zebras. I killed so many tigers keepin' 'em straight that the boss wouldn't let me handle them. He said I used 'em too dashed rough."

Chiarini swears that the terror from Carson shall have the first vacancy.—*Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.*

A METEORITE SWORD is a novelty. Gen. Ord of Texas sent a piece of this Celestial iron and steel mixed to Col. Benton, at the Springfield armory, to be made up into a weapon. The material was found very brittle, but all difficulties have been overcome, and a blade has been finished. On it is an inscription in Spanish setting forth that the sword is made from iron fallen from the skies of Mexico, and is presented to G. Trevino, Mexican General of Division, by his friend, Gen. Ord, U. S. A.

DURING October over 35,000,000 postal-cards were sent from the Holyoke factory—the largest month's business ever done.

TOO BAD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Once on a time, some years ago,
I put a curious caper;
I wrote a poem to my own sweet love,
And sent it to the paper.
Where I had written "blushing cheeks,
As red as my love's roses,"
That horrid printer-man had put
"As red as my love's nose is."

I said that "she had raven hair,
That would ravish all beholders;"
They put it "she'd a craven head,
And radishes for shoulders;"
And when I praised "her very eyes,
Which nearly set me crazy,"
They called them "huckleberry pies,"
And swore that "she was lazy."

And where I wrote that "I adored
The very ground she walked on,"
They had it that "she was a fraud,
And all stuffed out with cotton;"
And when I praised her "angel form,"
Adopting poet's usage,
They said she was an "angle-worm"—
A pestilence, a nuisance.

That night I packed my linen up,
And, with my old portmanteau,
Then a small and distant town
With trembling fear I ran to.
'Twas well I did, and never stopped
To turn and look behind me,
For, armed with clubs and things, her folks
Long sought, but didn't find me.

Baffled, they shot the editor,
And, running mad with evil,
They burned the printing office down,
And hung the "printer's devil."
Next week I took a paper up
That came from where I tarried;
I saw—oh, agonizing sight!—
My rival she had married.

So, when my mind got calm, I bought
Of paper half a quire,
And pens and ink and blotting-pads—
I struck no more love's lyre—
Gave up, disgusted, once for all,
Stanzas on love inditing,
And spent the sleepless days and nights
Improving my handwriting.

Cincinnati, Nov. 9, 1879. PHILLIPS HAWLEY.

THE HAND THROUGH THE FLOOR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY NICHOLAS NILES.

I had been in London three weeks. I had seen in that time all the sights which the average American traveler is supposed to see; and if the truth must be confessed, I had grown rather tired of shifting back and forth in the tourist's prescribed grooves.

"Let us strike out on our own hook," said I to my friend Jack Havens. "Hang the Tower, and London Bridge, and Pall Mall, and St. Paul's, and Regent street. I want to see something of the world's metropolis which is not stuck out for everybody to see. I want to get a look at the genuine undercrust!"

Jack had been in London twice before, and of course knew more of the city than I did. But he did not feel competent to guide me through the crooked paths which I was bent upon exploring.

"I tell you," he said, "we will hunt up Tommy Morris, and persuade him to show us about. Tommy is as familiar with London as you are with New York. He's just our man."

Accordingly, we set out in search of Tommy Morris. It took us two days to find him, but we did not mind that. I had known Tommy slightly in America. Years ago he was the proprietor of a chop-house in Bleecker street, which was a famous resort for actors, writers and Bohemians generally. A thoroughbred Englishman, he had made his place popular, not less by the excellence of his ale and lunches than by his sunny temper and hospitable manner. He was doing a flourishing business, when some trouble with a woman compelled him to make a sudden exit from New York. I was given to understand that he had not prospered of late years, and I was sorry to discover, when we at last found him, that bad gin had completely broken him down in character and purse alike. However, for the purpose we wanted him, that did not matter much. I doubt if in all London we could have found a man more admirably qualified to puncture the undercrust than was Tommy Morris.

"So you want to see it, do you?" remarked Tommy, when we had made known the object of our visit. "Want to see the elephant, do you? The entire animal—inside and out—especially in?"

That we assured Morris was precisely our object.

"Well, I don't think you've hit it wrong coming to me. But remember, gentlemen, you aint in New York now. London's a big place, you know. Now, a fellow over here takes his outing by degrees, you know. I'm at your service, but maybe you wouldn't like to go down to the lowest degree."

"Yes, that's the point we're aiming for," returned Jack.

Accordingly, the next evening we put ourselves under the guidance of Tommy Morris, fully prepared to avail ourselves of what I looked upon as a golden opportunity. From eight o'clock until eleven Tommy industriously trotted, or more literally cabbed, us from one music-hall to another. None of these places was exactly of the sort that one would want his wife or sister to attend, yet none of them was particularly bad. What Jack and I wanted was something in the shape of extraordinary wickedness—something that would have the charm of novelty about it—something that we could not find in the Bowery or Water street at home.

"Keep your patience," remarked Tommy, when something of the dissatisfaction I have spoken of was seen in my face. "I told you it was by degrees here, you know. If you take in the whole circle, there's the hundred and sixty degrees, you watch. Now, up to eleven o'clock, you don't get beyond the sixtieth degree at the most; so you've got the other three hundred before you yet, you know."

It dawned upon me that, if our cicerone intended to mark each degree by a drink of gin, as he had done thus far, there might be some doubt about our covering the full circumference. But that thought, I found afterwards, did injustice to Tommy's capacities for gin.

It was not long after midnight before I found that we were reeling off the degrees with amazing rapidity, and that there was a prospect of getting perhaps a little more of the undercrust than we wanted. This belief was largely strengthened when we followed Morris through a very dirty, dark and badodored hallway, up a rickety flight of stairs, and into a large, square room with a very low ceiling and an all-pervading smell of bad tobacco and worse liquor. Tommy had remarked just upon entering that we should find something here worth seeing; that the place was usually known as "Murderers' Museum," and that it would be well to keep civil tongues in our heads and a tolerably sharp lookout for our valuables. I confess, when I heard these precautionary words, that I regretted I had not followed out Jack's advice, given before we started, to leave my watch, ring and pocketbook in the keeping with the woman who rented us lodging.

The room, as I have said, was a large one, nearly square, with a miserably low ceiling, and no apparent means of ventilation. The floor was sprinkled over with sand, and there were rows of small wooden tables running from wall to wall, and provided with stationary benches. At the farther right-hand corner was a small platform, cutting off a triangle of the room, and large enough to hold a remarkable instrument, supposed to be a piano. In another corner, cutting off another triangle, was a bar, or something approaching it, over which a bull-necked, blear-eyed fellow was continually passing hot drinks to three bull-necked, blear-eyed waiters. At the machine, by courtesy called a piano, another bull-necked, blear-eyed fellow was extracting woeful sounds by the virtue of main strength. At the tables were seated a most remarkable company of men and women, the latter, perhaps, predominating. Every one of the men and a fair proportion of the women were smoking pipes. Before them all stood glasses with hot gin, or battered mugs containing ale. The smoke mingling with the fumes of the liquor and the foul breaths of the fifty odd drinkers made the place wellnigh suffocating. There were a few chairs here and there, but not enough to light the room even fairly. Everybody present seemed to be talking, some boisterously, some angrily, and all loudly. This din of voices, added to the wonderful thumpings on the piano, made a noise such as I never heard before.

We sat down at one of the tables which happened to be unoccupied. Beyond an exasperating stare from those nearest us, our presence attracted no attention. One of the bull-necked, blear-eyed waiters shuffled up to us and glared, rather than looked, for orders.

"Bring us three slings," said Tommy, "and have 'em nice and hot." Then, turning to us, he added: "How does this strike you, gentlemen? This is a small but interesting bit of the elephant which strangers don't often see. All these people around us are distinguished characters. You notice that fellow at the third table from the wall? Well, sir, that's Hammer Jim. They call him that because he killed the turnkey in Sheffield with a hammer, you know. That fellow at the next table this way—the fat one, with a scar on his forehead—that's Tower. He's the best cracksman in London to-day. Over there, on a line with this table, is the Trimmer. I don't know exactly what they want him for, but there's a reward of a hundred pounds standing open for his arrest. Murder, like enough, you know."

At this point the waiter returned with the liquor, and Tommy lapsed into silence. It occurred to me that we might be considered as intruders in this distinguished company, and so, after tasting the grin, I proposed that we should retire. Jack was quite willing; but Tommy shook his head in an ominous, half-drunken way, and said:

"Can't be, gentlemen—we can't go out just yet. It's one of the rules of the house that every party shall call for as many rounds of drinks as there are persons in that party, you know. That's the rule of the house, gentlemen, and if we don't live up to it I won't answer for the consequences. Fellows have come in here before, you know, and they've never gone out again, you know!"

This was not encouraging, but, as Jack and I had put ourselves under the guidance of Morris, we could not very well reject his advice. So another round of sling was ordered.

"Drink her up, my boys," said Morris, noticing that both Jack and I had barely tasted our first glass. "It's one of the rules of the house, you know, to empty your cup before you can get another. Aint it, 'Gustus?"

Thus appealed to, the bull-necked, blear-eyed waiter nodded his head affirmatively, upon which Jack and I drained our glasses. Whatever the concoction might have been, it was certainly the vilest-tasting stuff that I was ever forced to swallow. I protested against repeating the dose as earnestly as did Jack, and we finally compromised matters by substituting ale, except for Tommy, who could not understand how any man could prefer malt-fluid to gin.

It remains as much of a mystery to me to-day as it has always been, and as it was at the time, that a single mug of ale could have had the effect upon my brain which that had. It must, I suppose, have been drugged, but even then I cannot understand how any drug of which I ever heard could operate as that did. It neither stupified me nor produced any feeling of drowsiness. On the contrary, before I had got the draught fairly down I was seized with a burning sensation which I cannot better describe than by saying that it seemed as if a track of fire extended from my throat to my stomach, and communicated itself to my brain through the spinal chord. Yet this singular sensation was unaccompanied by any pain. It intoxicated to a degree that alcohol never reaches. It turned my surroundings into a more perfect paradise than even the opium-eater dreams of. But, unlike the man drunk from liquor or dreaming from opium, I had a consciousness of all things so distinct that even now I am able to recall accurately and precisely events as they occurred. I rose up from the table, and, in spite of Jack's utmost efforts to hold me back, made my way to the middle of the room and sat down by the side of a woman. I had noticed her upon entering, for her face impressed me then as the coarsest, vilest and most loathsome one which I had ever seen in woman. Now my fired fancy turned her into a queenly sylph, as did poor Don Quixote's the barmaid of the Spanish inn. I sat down by her side, as I have said, while the chain of fire coiled about my brain and intensified my madness. Her leering eyes shone upon me like stars in the sky; her daubed face had for me the freshness of the rose; and the wrinkles, which time had drawn deep, were transformed into the dimples of maidenhood. Men love the creatures of their imagination, but that drug must have been powerful, indeed, which could make one look with other than loathing upon this wretched material being.

"Fill 'em up again!" I shouted; "fill 'em up for everybody—I'll stand the bill!"

This distinctively American exhibition of generosity and good-fellowship made me at once the centre of interest—a greater man than Hammer Jim himself. The waiters proceeded forthwith to serve fresh rounds of drink. Meantime the coil of fire about my brain became a snake, whose sinuous length crept out now from the top of my head, now from my eyes, now back again down the nerve-centre of my body. I had found a torture at last so intense, so exquisite, that it could not be distinguished from ecstatic pleasure.

In the midst of this horrible intoxication—for in looking back upon that night it must remain always horrible—while my brain was burning hottest and the words that fell from my lips were wildest, I became suddenly conscious that Jack was at my side, imploring me to leave the place with him. What had become of Jerry I did not know, but I saw that Jack himself was largely under the influence of liquor. Still he had sense enough left to make a last desperate effort to get me away.

"My dear boy, you are drunk!" I shouted, swinging a glass above my head, and growing bolder in the caresses I lavished upon the bawd. "You are drunk—while I—I am sober and in Paradise!"

"He! course he is!" chimed in the waiters, who had gathered about the table. "He's sober and he's 'appy. Don't try to take the gent away. We can haccommodate him 'ere—good lodgings halways hopen to gents like him!"

Here the pianist struck up "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and the crowd sang lustily. Suddenly the dim lights seemed to blaze and glare until their brilliancy dazed my vision. The snake of fire darted like lightning in and out of my head. The voices of the singers and the cracked strains of the old piano welled up like mighty volumes of delicious harmony. I remember to have seen my friend Jack led out of the room by two of the waiters. Then I was conscious of following a beautiful creature, whose liquid eyes burned into my very soul, through long corridors of polished marble, and up a massive staircase. Then I entered a room, the door closed upon me, the fair handmaid withdrew, and I heard the turning of the key in the lock. I threw myself upon the bed and then—oblivion!

I awoke, or rather came back to consciousness, with a sudden start. Instead of traversing the labyrinth which the mind usually does under similar circumstances, the whole truth flashed upon me in an instant. I knew where I was, and how I had come there. I could recall vividly everything that had occurred from our first entrance into "Murderers' Museum" to the time when I had thrown myself upon that bed. How long ago was that? It seemed to me that I must have been asleep many hours. As a matter of fact, and as I discovered afterwards, I had slept but thirty minutes. Had it been fifteen minutes longer, this narrative would never have been written.

Keenly alive as I was to my surroundings, I was wholly at a loss what to do. I had not removed my clothes, and I found that my pocketbook, which contained a considerable sum of money, was safe there in the accustomed place. So, too, was my watch. Evidently I had not yet been robbed; but was this owing to the blacker plot that had been laid for my destruction? Surely the reputation of the place abundantly justified me in believing that the design was to murder me first and rob me afterwards. And what was I to do? It was the first time in my life when a pistol would have seemed a blessing; and yet I had deliberately left my only weapon of defense in my lodgings that evening. Still, even if I had a pistol, what was I to do with it? All about me was the stillness of death. All about me was the blackness of the tomb. I lay straining my eyes to catch some faint glimmering of light which might possibly mark the crevice of a window or door, but in vain. The blackness of the room, if room it was, was simply appalling. It seemed to bear down upon me like a terrible weight. It was dense, suffocating, deadly.

I had lain thus wide awake, but without moving, for perhaps five minutes, when I heard a noise—a noise so slight that ordinarily it would not have attracted my attention. But now every nerve was wrought up to a remarkable pitch of intensity, and in the awful darkness that surrounded me the sense of hearing became strangely acute. This very trifling noise seemed to come from under the floor; and almost simultaneously, a thin beam of light shot up, cutting the darkness like a knife. I listened and watched, but scarcely breathed. The ray of light grew bigger. It filled the room until I was able to see that a small trap-door, not more than a foot square, had been opened just about in the centre of the space between the bed and the wall. In another moment a tin can was projected through the trap, held by a brawny hand. The hand came up so

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1879.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

[For answers to amusement questions, see first page of "Theatrical Record."]

C. F. T.—You won on the first decision There could not be a second decision without your consent. Furthermore, the other party had no right to seek to have the first decision set aside, even if it was wrong, unless you accompanied him and agreed to reopen the case, as the statement he made by word of mouth might have varied from that which had been submitted in writing. It was the latter that was to determine the bet, unless both parties agreed to take the chance of a reversal of the decision. The money belongs to you.

JOHN LUTZ, Clyde.—We cannot give you any figures, for the reason that the reduction depends upon the amount of superfluous flesh carried by the individual whose bulk is to be operated upon, and which is not known to us in this case. The proper weight for a man of that height, however, is ordinarily not over 150 pounds. A copy of "Practical Training," which you can obtain from Ed. James, as per advertised address, for 50 cents, would prove useful to you.

E. C. G., Cleveland.—1. There is no such thing in regular poker as raising the ante. B, the age, could go blind, and C could both see the blind and raise it at once. As soon as B had filled his blind, there could be no further raising unless B himself chose to raise it. Some few players confound an ante with a blind. Perhaps this is one of those cases. 2. There are no established ways of playing the jack-pot. It is an innovation upon regular poker, and different coteries adopt different methods of playing it.

ORION.—1. The men should weigh in the uniform in which they are to appear in the contest. 2. In scaling for a pugilistic encounter, where the contestants are confined to weight, the principals step upon the scales attired in fighting drawers and stockings and holding their spiked shoes in their hands, or placing them on the scale beside them. Should one of the men prove to be above the stipulated weight, it is optional with his opponent to claim forfeit or allow his antagonist to fight without his shoes.

A. J. W., Providence.—1. You have read nothing of that kind in this paper. 2. There are probably more Catholics than Episcopalians throughout the United States. The obtainable figures are not wholly reliable. 3. There are more Irish than Germans in this city. 4. There, we think, more Episcopal churches in this city than Catholic churches. 5. There are many more Catholics in this city than Episcopalians.

FRANK E. HUGHES, Herransville.—1. The laws of athletics and the rules of the North American United Caledonian Association prohibit the use of weights in putting the heavy stone. In matches not governed by these rules it is a matter that must be settled by mutual agreement at the time of signing articles. 2. In a mileage purse, the terms vary according to reputation of trainer and length of time he may be engaged for.

HORSEMAN, Guttenberg.—1. In the recent tournament in San Francisco, Cal., between men and horses, six in all, the horse Pinafore, who, we believe, was ridden all the time, won with a score of 859 miles. 2. Yes; but the best trotting horse would have to show in a level race to beat a first-class bicyclist at any distance above forty or fifty miles, while few would have any chance at twenty miles.

H. LASEY, San Francisco.—Several cricket matches games have been played without a run being made by either side, including one of twenty-four innings between the Harvards and Shrewsburys on May 11, 1877, one of fifteen innings between the St. Louis Browns and Syracuse Stars May 1, 1877, and one of thirteen innings between the Harvards and Holyokes June 26, 1879.

W. B., Philadelphia.—The practice is that first to call is first out, provided that the counting is not done by going through the cards after the round is finished. In other words, each player of the count as he calls off his sheet should be kept mentally by the player, and then a miscall forfeits the game. The player who calls before the round is finished does not stop playing, however.

J. A. T., Cleveland.—Thanks for your trouble, as well as for your suggestion. Our billiard reporter introduced the same idea in 1877, and had it copyrighted by mistake in the introduction on record. He gave the actual average, along with the best run and the total score. It has several times appeared in our columns, the last time about the 1st of 1876.

W. M. G., Buffalo.—1. McGunnigle had the best fielding record in the pitcher's position in League games last season. THE CLIPPER has a handy list for 1879 in pamphlet form. The subscription to THE CLIPPER is $4 per annum in advance. 4. Will see the manufacturer in regard to the cost of repairing the bader, and will advise you by mail.

J. H. D., Marlborough.—The bet is void, for lack of thorough understanding. C had been talking about A's hand, the subject, without saying so, was considered including both A's crib and hand, and hence was at cross-purposes with C.

OLD SUB, Haverhill.—The match at billiards on March 1, 1860, between James F. Crossen and William Patch, for $100 a side, was won by the former by 72 points in 1,000. The highest run was made by Patch. It was 70, while the latter's highest was 68.

YORK.—1. At euchre a player cannot go alone on a trump made by his partner, unless it has been specially agreed that he can. 2. Edward Hoyle did not wrote a treatise on euchre or poker. 3. There is but one English Bible, and there are many English dictionaries.

J. H. Paddock.—It is not a misdeal. He should have seen that he had too few cards or too many, before he played any. He can count nothing, and his opponents are entitled to all they make, if he has played out of more than the right number of cards.

P. S., Chelsea.—1. They did not. 2. Poole defeated Morrissey in a rough-and-tumble fight on a steamboat dock, the city. 3. In Massachusetts. Sullivan was imprisoned at Lenox, Mass., for his fight with Morrissey at Boston Corners.

H. M., Brooklyn.—That would be giving a decision as to whom we consider the six best orators. We have no wish to give a decision as to that or as to how many first-class orators there are in the United States. It is altogether too much a matter of individual opinion.

ED. W. SMITH, Clermont.—1. The non-dealer counts it then the "game" is a tie in second match. 2. Hyer and Yankee Sullivan fought for $10,000, on Feb. 7, 1849, the former winning. 3. Expires with No. 35, Vol. 27.

C. W. G., Cincinnati.—Many thanks for the minstrel memento, which came to hand in good season. It is a capital photo of those dead-and-gone celebrities Sam Wells, Dan Bryant and Frank Brower.

FRANKIE, Carrollton.—There is a Superior, in Douglass County, Wis. It is the county seat, and all you have to do is to address "County Clerk, Superior, Douglass County, Wis."

A. H. H., Philadelphia.—It will depend upon how often they are beaten by others. If the latter win the high mark towards the close, Sexton and Schaefer will play together on Nov. 25, but they may play together on Nov. 24 or 22.

W. T. C.—As you state that you are an American citizen. You are such in virtue of your birth, unless you did something to forfeit that citizenship—such as swearing allegiance to Great Britain, for example.

P. H., Easton.—It has no value. It is one of the many coins issued during the War of the Rebellion, when small change was scarce. It has reference to the capture of the Merrimac, in Hampton Roads, Va.

SUBSCRIBER, Trenton.—The greatest distance accomplished by W. Corkey in a six-day go-as-you-please was 620 miles and 440yds. The extra yards representing two laps of a seven-lap track.

C. C. B., Pawtucket.—B is skunked. No matter when it was made, he could not count his jack until after high and low had been counted; and the high put out his opponent.

VALLEY STREAM, St. Joseph.—We do not think that they can be purchased, but a note to the Director of the Philadelphia Mint would be likely to receive a deciding answer.

L. S., Philadelphia.—1. It is colder in Leadville and Denver than in Philadelphia. 2. There are some Indians and bears in that region. 3. We think you would be likelier to make a comfortable living in Philadelphia.

R. A., Fort Scott.—1. The largest run of record at the three-ball carom game is 681. 2. Schaefer, 3. Single

tinent our Cal., wrote vent of the Magic Slip- who made eet Theatre eason. (Ad- e have been give place our readers ncisco pub- s burlesque, as little or splay a bevy aceful man- o gloss over bility. The e reputation eir perform- es, they can ed standard or want of y patronized ked at every as been one y have done achieve an s made by smith, whose as can be tly been re- The quartet and the only being digni- me Rosean, although a afulated on ments requi- but by no rish actress. e Prince, and ess had she mimic. Miss welcome for fair and fri- ly succeeded s of her au- ring, and the hich she por- e her a favor- tes is not one pears a great nd that she er seen here. rie McHenry ed their parts considerable whose opes Roland Reed and bids fair is evidently a and were he r so strongly as would be is laughable, ellent, and in and humor- e of unctuous erpetual roar. ll in his profes- city, and will to display his burlesque has rester in excel- until it, when Tour. Col- 's Theatre on lt of Manager overwhelming tained for the ical effects and such a lack of the audiences. the manager oarding-house' constitute the ing out for the gentleman ic, whom he able that the hel Lowenthal er to make her t Bonfort's ually present d the efficient body's Friend' th afforded by kes the many ngs. Harry M. this company, n. George D. Australia, has ile in Dr. with Owens of d, but will re- ment, 17, with n." If good- experience no ccessful as has s. At the Adel- earned reputa- of Judy O'Trot. dered excel- ast appeared new Indian ol- ..... At the ed an ins'ant- n "Arrah-na- announced for be revived se, under the Christine the ets attracted great has been ackett are re- street, which ullivan's city 3 from after Nov. 17 of the Chest- Edward E. rty and Rice's into copart- the system of ndoned—not, season. Our play in other in the Chest- 1880-1, stars s attractions ock company been reduced, quet and par- ssion to par- and family- a two weeks' tre. Philadel- ilable inch of by spectators, nable to gain bsequent per- onghout the ering of 9 by District Deputy Exalted Grand Ruler John H. Dee: Exalted Ruler, Ed. A. Perry; Esteemed Leading Knight, D. Foster Farrar; Esteemed Loyal Knight, W. H. Whitenect; Esteemed Lecturing Knight, H. E. Hayward; secretary, J. Parke Deas; treasurer, A. Tendon; trustees, L. Howard Jones, Isaac B. Rich, Louis B. Goullaud; tiler, A. J. Leavitt; inner-guard, J. J. Ridgeway; chaplain, Edwin Stearns; organist, Henry Wannemacher. During the past year the lodge has expended upwards of $500 for the relief of members and their families, and commences the new year with one hundred and twenty-six members and a reserve fund of over $3,000. During the evening the retiring Exalted Ruler, Dr. G. Howard Jones, was made the recipient of a gold badge, set with jewels and inscribed in a most appropriate manner.——An auction sale of autographs owned by the late Colonel Brantz, Mayor of Baltimore, held in this city during three days of the past week, one of Charlotte Cushman brought $1.50; Fanny Essler, 30 cents; Edwin Forrest, $5.50; Charles Kean, 70 cents; Fanny Kemble, $2.12; Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, $1; W. C. Macready, 35 cents; John Howard Payne, $5.25; Edgar A. Poe, $2.75; John Wilkes Booth, with the signature of Boston Corbett, and photographs of each, $25.——Miss Lina Tettenborn has had submitted to her a new play by E. A. Locke, author of Harney Macauley's 'A Messenger from Jarvis Section.'"

A DRAMATIC COMPANY is wanted to open the new opera-house at Vassar, Mich., Dec. 10. See R. W. & F. Miller's advertisement.

A YOUNG LADY tuct Mazeppa is advertised for by O. B. Collins.

LEONARD GROVER'S "Boarding-house" Combination closed at the Grand Opera-house, New Orleans, La., Nov. 8, and left for Galveston, Texas, 9. Our correspondent says: "The engagement here did not prove successful. The company, which was announced was not the one which appeared upon the stage, the cast being made up largely of substitutes. The play was freely cut, and two characters were left out. The Saville English-opera Troupe opened 9 to an excellent house, and business since has been good. The opera selected for the opening—'The Sorcerer'—was new here. The company is excellently balanced, the chorus being particularly good, and the leading artists, though not brilliant, are possessed of excellent musical talent. The musical conductor is F. W. Zaulig. On Nov. 16 the Unionsquare Combination is to open for one week.——At Bidwell's Academy of Music, McKee Rankin closed a week of good business, and left for a two weeks' tour in Texas, opening in Galveston 10. Mrs. Alice Oates' Comic-opera Company in 'Girofle-Girofla" opened 9 to good business. Lotta opens 16.——The Adah Richmond Comic-opera Company open 16 in the St. Charles Theatre."

AT THE PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn, N. Y., last week, Miss Fanny Davenport and a company appeared to a large attendance nightly. "Pique" was presented Nov. 10, 12, including matinee. "As You Like It" 13, "Divorce" 11 and matinee 15, "The School for Scandal" 14, and "London Assurance" and "Oliver Twist" 15. This week Robson and Crane.

THE AGNES WALLACE-VILLA COMBINATION is advertised in Anderson, Ind., for Nov. 18, Franklin 19, 20, Edinburgh 21, 22, and Crawfordsville 24, 25.

AT HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE, last week, Salsbury's Troubadours appeared in "The Brook" to good business. The farce of "Two Can Play at That Game," in which Messrs. Salsbury and Webster and Miss McHenry took part, opened the performances nightly. This week "The Galley Slave" Combination appear.

BARTHA AND IDA FOY start on a tour Nov. 24, acting in "Mischief." The company so far engaged includes Alonzo Schwartz, James H. Alliger, A. Bauman, and May Gallagher.

A COMPANY including Harry Pease, Harry R. Stetson, James H. Murray, Joseph E. Gordon, Charles Hunt, Belle Crowell and Minnie McKay are playing "Still Waters Run Deep," "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "Rip Van Winkle" to reported good business in Ohio.

THE FREDERICK PAULDING COMBINATION is to reopen its season in Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 24, under the management of Frank Lawlor. Harry Smart is to be the advance agent, Charles Loveday old man, and Mr. McGee property-man. With these exceptions, the company remains as before.

NUGENT & HOYTE'S COMPANY are to play in Bolivar, O., Nov. 17, Canal Dover 24, one week each.

MISS MARY ANDERSON and company played in Sioux City, Ia., Nov. 10, Council Bluffs 11, Lincoln, Neb., 12, Omaha 13, St. Joseph, Mo., 14, 15, and are to be in Atchison, Kas., 17, Leavenworth 18, Kansas City, Mo., 19, 20, Quincy, Ill., 21, Hannibal, Mo., 22, and open in St. Louis 24, for one week.

THE WESTERN THEATRE COMPANY is to play in Marshall, Mo., Nov. 17, 18, 19, Lexington 20, for one week, and Sedalia 27.

NICK ROBERTS' "Humpty Dumpty" Troupe is billed in Danville, Ill., Nov. 17, Champaign 18, Crawfordsville, Ind., 19, Fort Wayne 20, Jackson, Mich., 21, Lansing 22, Toledo, O., 24, 25, and Grand Rapids, Mich., 26, 27.

GEORGE D. CHAPLIN, Rose Osborne (and her husband, D. E. Brewster, late purser of the steamship City of Sydney), Prof. S. S. and Clara Baldwin, exposers of spiritualism, arrived in San Francisco, Cal., from Australia Nov. 4.

JOSEPH MURPHY and company played "Kerry Gow" in Hartford, Ct., Nov. 12, Waterbury 13, 14, Bridgeport 15; thence to Philadelphia, Pa., 17, one week, Wilmington, Del., 24, Norristown, Pa., 25, Pottsville 26, Reading 27, Lancaster 28, Williamsport 29, Philadelphia Dec. 1, one week, Wheeling, W. Va., 8, 9, Zanesville, O., 10, Newark 11, and Columbus 12, 13.

ALDRICH & PARSLOE'S COMBINATION, under the management of Charles H. Thayer, presented "My Partner" in Hartford, Ct., Nov. 13. In addition to the route published in our past issue, they are to appear in Utica, N. Y., Dec. 1, Troy 2, 3, Albany 4, 5, 6, Philadelphia, Pa., 8, two weeks, Brooklyn, N. Y., 22, Williamsburg 29, one week each.

BLOOM'S NEW YORK THEATRE COMPANY—with Edward Wodiska and Mary J. Lance in the principal roles of the repertory embracing "The Two Orphans," "Enoch Arden," etc.—performs in Niles, O., Nov. 20, Cleveland 21, 22. Holiday weeks are still open. See Manager M. E. Bloom's card.

MUSICAL.

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GEORGE D. CHAPLIN, Rose Osborne (and her husband, D. E. Brewster, late purser of the steamship City of Sydney), Prof. S. S. and Clara Baldwin, exposers of spiritualism, arrived in San Francisco, Cal., from Australia Nov. 4.

JOSEPH MURPHY and company played "Kerry Gow" in Hartford, Ct., Nov. 12, Waterbury 13, 14, Bridgeport 15; thence to Philadelphia, Pa., 17, one week, Wilmington, Del., 24, Norristown, Pa., 25, Pottsville 26, Reading 27, Lancaster 28, Williamsport 29, Philadelphia Dec. 1, one week, Wheeling, W. Va., 8, 9, Zanesville, O., 10, Newark 11, and Columbus 12, 13.

ALDRICH & PARSLOE'S COMBINATION, under the management of Charles H. Thayer, presented "My Partner" in Hartford, Ct., Nov. 13. In addition to the route published in our past issue, they are to appear in Utica, N. Y., Dec. 1, Troy 2, 3, Albany 4, 5, 6, Philadelphia, Pa., 8, two weeks, Brooklyn, N. Y., 22, Williamsburg 29, one week each.

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LILLIE WESTERN'S performances on many musical instruments have proved so attractive that she is rated as a decided acquisition. A few of many opinions from Maine papers which the press are published in her card in another column.

GEO. CHILDS, pianist, xylophone, and violin-player and female impersonator, can be engaged. See advertisement.

THE WINNETTS announce their decided success in the West. Their address is given in their card.

NED STRAIGHT, composer of words and music, advertises his address in this issue.

SPECIALTY PERFORMERS are wanted for Berry's Broadway Theatre. See card.

AT THE LONDON PALACE VARIETIES, Albany, N. Y., the departures Nov. 15 were Annie Raynor to New York, G. W. Woods to Troy, and F. Wenzel. Arrivals 17: Gus T. Wallace and wife, and Jennie Linar. Billy Hogan's Red-Stocking Minstrels remain among the attractions. Lady specialty artists are wanted at once.

AT THE ALHAMBRA, Philadelphia, last week, "dull care" met a violent death at the hands of Ada Stanwood, Sweeny and Carter, George Ellwood, Kitty Smith, Landis and Steele, Emily Sylvester, Prof. Gorman, Dolly Davenport, Prof. Borthwick, Reid, Geo. Edwards, Chas. Young, Pete Conway, Alf. Saunders and Lottie Forrest. Billed for 17: Billy Maloney and Mabel Gray, Albert Duncan, Joyce Martelle and Harris and Flood. Business fair.

LIGON & POTTER, dramatic and variety agents, publish a list of those artists who have booked with them for engagements.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Bradford, Pa., the departures Nov. 15 were Eddie Edwards, Pittsburg; Mlle. Lorraine, Cincinnati; Little Julia and Master Ceco, New York. To appear 17: Fletcher and Lynch, Dan and Bertie Osmon sisters, Mlle. Lorraine, E. E. Etting benefited 8 to a full house. Charley Green, stage-manager, benefits 15.——The Academy of Music was reopened 10 by Ida Vincent's English Blondes, for one week. The company includes Aggie Clinton, De Voy Sisters (Josie, Emma and Clara), Rose Harris, Kitty Montague, Nellie Wilson, Mollie Moore, Dick Baker, Morello Bros., Montague and McBride and Ida Vincent. Viola Wray, Annie and May Campbell and Ida Mack join this party 15, when they take the road, playing in Erie, Pa., 17, Cleveland, O., 18, Toledo 19, Detroit, Mich., 20, Saginaw 21, Bay City 22. R. C. Chadwick is proprietor and manager, and Geo. Jenness advance-agent.

AT WINKLER'S WINTER GARDEN, Springfield, Mass., the people billed for Nov. 17 are the Sherwood Sisters, Nora Campbell, Chas. H. King, Howard and Guyon, Mamie Gray and Wells. Closed 15: Lizzie Lansing and Sharpley and Carroll.

GOOD BUSINESS accompanied last week's performances at Connolly's Varieties, St. Paul, Minn. The Haleys closed Nov. 8, going to Chicago Nov. 17, as did the Sheppards—Della and John—to Milwaukee. Collins and Ross opened 10.

MILLIE EUGENE'S Hibernian Blondes played in Ishpeming, Mich., Nov. 4, 5, Negaunee 6, 7, Marquette 8, Republic 10, Lanse 11, Hancock 13, 14, and Calumet 15, 17.

AT ADAMS' OPERA-HOUSE, Pensacola, Fla., the company at our latest advices included Alice Ridgeway, Mollie Lovell, May Canola, Blanche Burnett, Kitty Mitchell, Goldie Mitchell, J. C. Murphy, Harry Devere, and Kosure and Lamond. A. E. Hamilton is the proprietor; Harry Devere, business and stage manager; Phil Perez, leader of orchestra; and Fred Ritter, leader of brass band.

AT THE UNION OPERA-HOUSE, Philadelphia, Pa., Warren & Stone's Pantomime Troupe are performing. The company includes the Pennoyer Sisters, Heston Brothers, Clara Watts, Lizzie Richmond, Frank Walcot, Baby and Prof. Bindler, Flora Moore, Young Hercules, John W. Gibbons, and Prof. Wm. Pillare and Mlle. Georgia. Manager Miller celebrated the anniversary of the opening of his establishment 11. In the morning there was a public rehearsal, in the afternoon an extra matinee, and at night the usual performance. At both the afternoon and evening performances the orchestra, under direction of Frank Schaeffer, played a biographical symphony, composed expressly for the occasion by Mr. Schaeffer, descriptive of the life of Henry Miller, to whom it was dedicated. It is a fine work, and was played in thoroughly creditable style. A portion of it was illustrated by tableaux. Throughout the day Manager Miller received the congratulations of his friends in his cosy office, where an elegant repast was laid for all who chose to partake of it. The popping of corks was incessant. A table was spread for the company in the auditorium at the conclusion of the performance.

"AN AWFUL TALE."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Solomon Briggs a fisherman was
Who sailed the ocean blue;
He owned a schooner-rigged mudscow,
And was captain, cook and crew.
He scoured the "wes" for mackerel,
Cod, sculpin and lamper-eels—
Porzies on toast and whiskey straight
Served for his daily meals.

He had a wife and four young Briggs
Whom he left at their Cape Cod home,
To live on clams and pork and beans,
While he wandered o'er the foam.
A run on the Banks he'd often take
In his schooner the "Sally Glue,"
And he'd sail away nor'east-by-nor',
Till land was lost to view.

One day, when off the Bluenose coast,
Away on his starboard bow,
He spied what seemed to be a wreck,
With the water o'er the prow;
He took his whiskey-glass aloft
And viewed the vessel's deck,
Then quickly changed his schooner's course
To overhaul the wreck.

He answered their signal of distress,
Then went down in the hold,
And piped himself to grog, to keep
From catching any cold.
When he drew near and saw that they
Were struggling with the wave,
He swore "By Jinks!" he'd do his best
The women's lives to save.

He asked them through a stovepipe if
They ever tried to swim;
Their answer, "Hardly ever," came
Re-echoed back to him;
"We're a 'Pinafore' troupe from England's shores,
For Halifax we were bound;
Our sisters, cousins, and our aunts
Will weep if we are drowned."

Again he changed his vessel's course—
An awful oath he swore—
Then said: "You can go to Halifax
Your cussed 'Pinafore.'"
"Did you ever see such a heathen wretch"
Came wafted o'er the wave;
"Well, hardly ev——" He looked around—
They had gone to a watery grave.

Waltham, Mass. CHARLEY RUSSELL.

A TRIP TO THE TROPICS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HARRY W. CHURCHILL.

"A glorious country, beautiful climate—balmy, salubrious and first-class in every particular. This, my dear boy, is an opportunity that may never occur again—a chance to visit one of the finest places on earth, and lay up a snug sum, besides. Come, what do you say? Decide quickly, because there are plenty who would be glad to go."

Thus to me the manager, who was forming a company for a season in Demerara, S. A., and the West Indies. Ah! never while memory can boast shall I forget the eloquent and impressive manner in which he dilated upon the manifold attractions of the "land of the cocoa and palm," while a smile both "childlike and bland" illuminated his phiz, and he heaved a sigh as the tender recollections, perhaps, of his enjoyment of some previous visit to that favored land.

"This," said he, "is no fly-by-night snap or barn-storming expedition, but a purely legitimate affair—in point of fact, sir, I am taking a company there in response to a request from the leading citizens, each of whom is good for a season ticket, and all of whom are enthusiastic admirers of the drama. Added to which," concluded he, "I pay all salaries in gold."

That last word settled it. I may have had some wavering doubts before, but that magic word had dispelled them all. I was ready to go to—well, almost anywhere that promised me the chance of once again hearing the musical clink of a few gold pieces in my pocket. It was thus that I became a member of a dramatic company threatening the invasion of the Indies; and one bright September morn in 186- I found myself on board the neat and trim little craft destined to bear us to the Mecca of our hopes.

Long long back after the lapse of years, I recall the fact that I was not favorably impressed with the *tout ensemble* of the male element of the party. I was on the ragged edge of seedliness myself, and had had serious misgivings as to the unfavorable impressions I might create; but one glance was sufficient to set at rest on that score—comparisons would result in my favor.

As it takes a theatrical company but a short time to become acquainted, we were soon on "speaking terms," and I found myself regarding with some interest the individual to whom this story more particularly relates. He was the gentleman engaged to perform those multifarious duties known as "general business," and who in a small company is often times called upon to play three or four parts in the same piece, thus necessitating a study of the "light-ning-change act," and rendering him in reality a martyr to his profession.

As I have always labored under the impression that actors as well as preachers carry a sort of trade-mark about them in their manner and appearance, I was not surprised when the "general" was introduced as a member of the company. There certainly was nothing "professional" about him—in fact, he might have been readily taken for the cook or second-mate in his shore-going rig. He was one of those individuals, individuals, no particular shape, and whose clothes never seem to fit them. His pantaloons and coat-sleeves, being much too short, exposed to better view an enormous pair of hands and feet, which he evidently exactly seem to know what to do with. These apparent drawbacks were, however, counteracted by a smiling, good-humored countenance and a very pleasant laugh. In the course of conversation I discovered that he had studied for the ministry, but that it became eminently distasteful to him, and, upon the death of his father, he had left his home in the country and come to New York, and with very great difficulty procured an engagement. He said he had a great desire to become a good actor, and intended to study hard to gain that end. Poor fellow! he had much better have stuck to the ministry or learned the art of horseshoeing—his chances would have been better. But experience teaches, and we must all pay the tuition-fee.

Our "first old woman" (and second, too, for that matter) was Mrs. B——, one of the old school, now so rapidly passing away—an old lady who, as she herself proudly expressed it, had been "years in the business, my dear," and had known and played with all the great actors of the past age, and who never tired of telling funny stories of the elder Booth, Uncle John, Forrest, and others of that ilk. She created a sensation at the first breakfast-table she sadly bemoaned her sad fate; she had evidently suffered much from sea-sickness, and vowed, if it was her good fortune ever to reach terra-firma again, she would stay there, never trust herself on a beastly ship that seemed every minute as if it was going to tip over, and which she felt quite sure it would do yet before it reached port. "Well, it was the first time, and it should be the last if the Lord spared her life," etc., etc., all of which resolves and complaints were laughingly commented upon by the other members, who had accompanied the old lady in this venture, and was engaged for the soubrettes. She was a bright, vivacious little beauty, sparkling with mirth, and overflowing with mischief, and from the first opportunity had been quietly but mercilessly quizzing the young aspirant for histrionic honors mentioned above as having previously studied for the ministry, and whom she dubbed "Cassius," because, she said, he appeared lean and hungry. That unfortunate individual so named did not appear to like being singled out as a fitting target for her shafts of ridicule, but rather behaved as if he considered it quite an honor. It soon became evident to everyone who cared to observe that Mr. Cassius was "hard hit" in that direction; and, Miss Ettie, with an unconscionable flirt, I will leave the reader to judge of his unenviable position. He was her veriest slave, would fetch and carry at that erratic young damsel's bidding like a dog, and when she would intimate her desire to go on deck, he would attend her, make her comfortable under the awning with cushions, etc., fetch her book, etc., she would languidly thank him, and he, "poor, deluded critter," receiving no further encouragement, would retire, and five minutes afterwards was in the intense enjoyment of beholding the juvenile-ma—the Adonis of the company and "masher" par excellence—lounge down beside her and engage her in a lively conversation.

As I have said, Cassius would submit to any and everything from the fair object of his apparently hopeless passion, and rather seemed to like it; but the gentleman who "did the heavies" made a big mistake when he rashly imagined he could also amuse himself in the same manner. He tried it, however, and discovered that he had met his match in the passenger. Quoth Cassius, upon that memorable occasion:

"See here, my friend, I suppose, because you were born an actor and I was not, you consider yourself privileged to make fun of me; but you'll find out your mistake. I don't want to be on bad terms with anyone, Ladies and privileged characters, and can do about as they please, I suppose, and you, you darned skunk!" continued Cassius excitedly, peeling off his coat, "you think you can do the same. If I can't act, I can fight; so dod-dern you, come on!" and he threw himself into an attitude that would have reflected no discredit on Heenan or Mace.

To say that the heavy gentleman was astonished would be putting it very mildly. He had no time for reflection, however—it was either fight or run. He essayed the former, and received in about five minutes a very handsome thrashing, together with a beautiful black eye, as a memento of the occasion, and as a gentle reminder that it is not always safe to judge from appearances. It is astonishing how much respect was paid to Cassius after that little feat.

We had been about three weeks at sea, and in consequence of a succession of light winds and calms had made but little progress, and were becoming heartily disgusted with the unvarying monotony of the thing, when one day an event occurred that caused much excitement, and finally resulted very happily for two of the persons concerned.

There was scarcely a ripple upon the surface of the ocean. The sun was out blazing hot, causing the very pitch in the deck-seams to bubble up, the sails hapless idly against the mast, and our trim little craft lay rolling and bobbing about at her own sweet will, to the unmitigated disgust of the old skipper, who, cross as a bear, restlessly paced the deck, whistling and calling upon San Antonio to send us a favoring breeze.

Our friend Cassius as was his wont when the vessel was becalmed, had sought the retirement of the main-crosstrees for the purpose of studying his part—a rather curious place, by the way, for that purpose, the masthead of a vessel—but so it was. The passengers were lounging about under the main-deck awning, doing their best by reading and other light occupations to till time, with the exception of that lively young lady Miss Ettie, who, engaged in watching the antics of some small fish, was lolling over the low stern-rail of the vessel. Soon tiring of this sport, she was in the act of rising, when, the vessel giving one of those tremendous pitches caused by the long, rolling swell, the lady lost her balance, and, with a terrified cry, overboard she went, joining company with the finny inhabitants of the deep, who had lately been admiring. Cassius, from his perch aloft, and who, perhaps, had been more closely engaged in studying her than his part, saw the accident, and the brave and gallant fellow, without a moment's hesitation, ran to the end of the crosstree, and took a tremendous "header" from that giddy height, determined to rescue her he loved, or perish in the attempt.

The startling cry of "Man overboard!" rang through the ship, electrifying the hitherto listless and drowsy crowd, and bringing them to their feet instantly. A scene of the greatest excitement and confusion prevailed. The heart-rending screams of poor Mrs. B——, when she learned that it was her niece Ettie who had fallen overboard, are ringing in my ears while I write. The skipper, who had been giving some orders forward, took in the situation at a glance, and with the crew was soon engaged in clearing away the only boat the vessel possessed, which, unfortunately, was not hanging in the davits, but was lashed down to the decks.

"Cut, boys—cut away the lashings!" excitedly roared the skipper.

The sailors worked with a will, for the lives of two human beings were at stake, and in less time than it takes to write it the boat was launched over the side, and, propelled by four pairs of sturdy arms, was soon speeding to the rescue.

When Cassius had taken that fearful dive from the mast-head, it seemed, as he afterwards stated, that he went down for a mile or so, and should never again come to the surface; but when he did he struck out vigorously and manfully to rescue her who, in spite of her indifference, had become dearer to him than life itself. The unfortunate lady in the meantime, like most persons in a similar situation, by throwing her arms wildly aloft, and frantically struggling about, had been using her best endeavors to drown herself; and just as the brave swimmer reached and clasped her, she was on the point of disappearing for the third time. He held her unconscious to his breast, speaking words of encouragement to her and awaiting with an awful anxiety and suspense the arrival of the boat.

The vessel in the meantime had been forging slowly ahead, and, though in reality but short, yet the distance between us and the objects of our solicitude seemed to have fearfully increased in the few minutes that appeared to us hours; but time on such occasions is not reckoned by hours and minutes. Breathlessly we stood upon the deck watching the boat, which was now rapidly nearing the almost exhausted swimmer and his burden, when a piercing yell from the mate, who was standing in the main rigging, almost froze the blood in my veins:

"A shark! a shark!" roared he. "Pull, men! For God's sake, pull, or you'll be too late! There he is, on the port-quarter, and he's bearin' down on 'em fast."

My feeble pen would fail to do justice to the scene of intense excitement which followed; for there, sure enough, was the dorsal-fin of the "Tiger of the Sea" cutting through the water in the direction of the prey he had no doubt scented. But the boat was a little ahead in that race, and reached the goal first. The limp and unconscious form of the erstwhile lively soubrette was tenderly lifted into the boat, followed by that of her preserver, who, just as they were hauling him over the side, came very near losing one of his pedals in consequence of a vicious snap made by Mr. Shark, who had that moment arrived upon the scene.

We soon had them on board, and while shaking hands with the noble fellow who had risked his life we fervently thanked Him who "holdeth the sea in the hollow of his hand" for this great mercy.

But little more remains to be added, save that when we arrived in port there was a change in the parties chiefly interested being our friend Cassius and the charming Ettie. Years have rolled by, the silver threads have appeared among the locks that were golden then, and of the few remaining of that little band I will venture to say there is not one who will easily forget that "TRIP TO THE TROPICS."

A MOSLEM EPISODE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY DUKE DARRELL, AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF SUMMER."

[A young Russian, being captured by the Turks during the Turko-Russian War, with valuable dispatches upon him, is condemned to be shot as a spy. Incarcerated in the dungeon of a ruined castle, he is found by his captors, on the morn of his execution, dead!]

The golden light of morning
Crept in to that barren room,
And shone on the lonely figure there
With a softened light in the gloom.
While the prison-walls rose bleak and bare,
And through the open window came
The subtle perfume of flowers rare
In bloom,
With fragrant incense filling the air,
While the bells in the far-off cloister
Toll, toll
For a soul.

On a young form, bowed in silence,
The sunlight of morning came
And flooded the room with a radiance,
The golden hair into flame,
With a halo-light surrounding
The calm young hero's head
Who in passing but life's threshold
Had taken a foremost place
In the struggle of his nation
For freedom of the Moslem race.

A step re-echoes through the ruined halls—
Approaches, flings the prison-portal wide;
Still silent is the figure, as in prayer,
Though loud without the tocsin fills the air.
The Moslems, eager, crowd now to his side,
And the individual to whom belongs this strong head—
A smile of perfect prayer is on his lips.
The eyes are closed and rigid as the dead,
For in the calm and silent watches of the night
A soul unto the gates of Paradise had winged its flight

OLD ZACK BURGESS ON A "TARE."

He Celebrates His Wife's Birthday.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MAYNE BRAYCE.

He headed up for and entered a cove that indented the coast of Troy with everything a-flying, as it were. That is, he was not dead still in irons, but braced, and everything "sheeted home." In short, he was "three sheets in the wind," sailed wild and yawed considerably, as he entered the haven mentioned, striking on his port-quarter and carrying away his top-hamper, by which is meant his hat.

This was recovered by another craft hard by, and "bent" on again by the lanky steerer of Jigwater Light from the derelict craft that plunged wildly through a heavy cross-sea were:

"'S my day's barthwife day, 'n' I'm cel'bratin'. Whooper up, hooray! I'm ol' Zack Burgess on a tare! Who's afeerd? Skipper up—roo-o-o!"

A lee lurch followed, when a smaller craft, taut and trim, showing blue colors, rounded to the other's port-quarter, and grappled and sailed off with the prize for Fort an Lockup.

Mrs. Lillie Deveraux Blake would undoubtedly pronounce "Ol' Zach Burgess," the "cel'brater" of his "wife's barthday," a "sample" if not a representative "brute of a husband." This would be rather *too* severe; but doubtless there *are* husbands who, rather than their wives' birthdays should pass unheeded, would unhesitatingly and self-sacrificingly "take a day off" and "cel'brate." Of such material are husbands sometimes formed.

CLIPPER SONGS:

"OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE AND FOR THE PEOPLE."

Hardly Ever.

DEDICATED TO MY ESTEEMED FRIEND BILLY TITUS OF TOLEDO, O.
BY JIMMY KELLY OF KELLY AND HALEY.

Spoken.—"Babies on Our Block."

Just give me your attention and I will sing to ye
A ballad new and beautiful—they call it "Nancy Lee."
It was written in 1812, and copied with a feather,
And the composer dies a horrible death for saying "Hardly ever."

To his grave goes little Buttertub, her mutton feet she drags,
And drops her anchor on the grass to study up old gags;
When at last the lightning strikes her, and puts her into motion,
Then she rises up with "Baby Mine," and sails across the ocean.

Chorus.—Buttertub and Josephine have doubled up together,
Singing "Daisey Dean" and "Lottie Lee" and sometimes "Hardly Ever;"
Rise, Butter, rise, for you are as strong as ever
With Josephine of the horse-marine, and sometimes "Hardly Ever."

On walking down Main street, one sunny afternoon,
I saw the daisey Josephine a-clearing the sidewalk,
And as I passed her by her face to me she there did raise—
In the key of X she loudly bawled: "Seldom, hardly always."

When along came Mr. Crosseye, and she threw him in a ditch
To join bold Captain Corcoran, the maiden and the pitch;
Then comes his cousins and his aunts, all armed with baseball bats;
From the window stuck Sir Joseph's head, crying: "Heavens, 'tis the cats."

Chorus.—Buttertub and Josephine, etc.

Twelve years ago, Crosseye was sick from eating bulwark stew—
He raised the gallant topsail, and heaved up the anchor too.
When Sir Joseph was a cabin-boy and polished up the brass,
And Rackstraw with a marlin-spike the captain's daughter mashed.

While sailing o'er the sea one day the ship she struck a rock,
And all hands were called up on deck to sing "Grandfather's Clock."
Now, if you want to leave this world, get all your aunts together,
Walk out some day among the gang, and cry out "Hardly ever."

Chorus.—Butter, butter, butter! Oh, rheumatism butter!
Bring it along, for it is strong, and give it us for supper.
Oh rise, Butter, rise, and speak, for you are clever—
There's Josephine of the horse-marine, and sometimes "Hardly Ever."

Aunt Jemima's Niece.

BY E. L. GATES.

'Twas a shining Summer Sunday morn,
The "garden-sass" was growing,
The honey-bee hummed merrily,
The clover-fields were blowing;
I thought I'd take a little stroll
All in the cool o' the day,
When coming 'cross the fields I met—

Spoken.—The most beautiful vision my eyes ever beheld. Where one fire burnt out of those side-bushes she looked for all the world like a full-blown sunflower. My heart went pit-a-pat as I took off my hat, made my very politest bow, and, taking off the glove of my right hand preparatory to addressing, and she quite as politely informed me that she was

Sing.]

Aunt Jemima, Aunt Jemima, Aunt Jemima's niece, sir,
And coming 'cross the fields I met
Old Aunt Jemima's niece, sir,
Just then old Aunt Jemima's goat,
Which been a-standing round, sir,
Humped up his back and came for me,
And raised me from the ground, sir;
He knocked me over a big stone fence,
And into a flock of geese, sir,
And there she stood and laughed and laughed.

Spoken.—Little cuss! Yes, she did! Perhaps you think you could see my feelings as I rather hastily gathered myself together, preparatory to resuming a perpendicular position. It is impossible, sirs. The goat I could forgive; but the girl, if I had not been a God-loving man, afraid of that goat, I should probably have been hung for the murder of

Sing.]

Aunt Jemima, Aunt Jemima, Aunt Jemima's niece, sir;
But there she stood and laughed and laughed—
Old Aunt Jemima's niece, sir.

The geese all with outstretched necks;
So loudly did they squall, sir,
That I was forced to leave my hat,
And quickly climb a wall, sir;
My hat was lost, the skin scraped off
My elbows, nose and knees, sir,
While she stood there a-smiling smiles.

Spoken.—Well, sir, smiling smiles. That relation of Aunt Jemima's I mean, not the goat. Well, I got out of that scrape, but I am in a worse one now—*I'm married*, and—what's that? Who are you? But you don't know who my wife is. Why, it's

Sing.]

Aunt Jemima, Aunt Jemima, Aunt Jemima's niece, sir—
Bad luck to the day I ran away
With Aunt Jemima's niece, sir.

Now, just a word for you, young men—
If you will listen to me,
Don't court a farmer's daughter's niece
If her aunt should keep a go-at,
But find some girls that are more true,
Who'll strive her best to please, sir;
Or else, like me, you'll surely rue
A farmer's daughter's niece, sir.

Way Up Yonder.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO HARRY G. RICHMOND.
WORDS AND MUSIC BY J. K. JOHNSON.

De angels sing to' de po' ole moke—
Come 'long, Keziar;
Dar laces dey am jam to de coke—
Keziar, come 'long an' fotch Mariar:
Dey stan' on de brunk ob de heab'nly stream;
Tell Mariar to fotch along all de people;
Singin' so sweet seems like a dream,
Way up yonder 'bove de steeple.

Chorus.—Way up yonder, hyar de angels' voices ringin',
Sweetly singin', gently flingin'
Music to de folks below.
Way up yonder hyar de happy voices callin',
Softly fallin', angels callin',
Wid robes whiter dan de snow.

Gab'rel's waitin' wid smile on his face—
Keziar, come 'long an' fotch Mariar;
He's standin' 'mid de angels on Jordan's sho'—
Tell Mariar to fotch 'long all de people;
We'll sing wid dem angels ebermo';
Way up yonder 'bove de steeple.

SWEET LITTLE NOLLIE.

BY CLAUD TEMPLAR.

"'Eith' ophel' Argous——'" h'm, h'm—me diabastha! skaphos. Oh! all right. Here we are. Look feeling difficult though, about it, is!" And then, translating rapidly—"Would that the ship Argo had never sailed through——" Would that she never had indeed! Then I shouldn't have to constrne all this rubbish on a fine Summer's morning—should I? Eh, John a-stch?"

As the six feet odd of beard and sinew I address happens to be my private tutor, crammer and companion rolled into one, and a devoted admirer of the classics, my remark elicits from him no further response than a contemptuous grin and wave of the hand to proceed.

"Would that the ship Argo,'" I continue, "'had never'—I say, John, are you *really* not going to play in the match to-morrow?"

"Would that Ronald Wavertree, Esquire," returns my tutor, "would desist in his reading for five consecutive minutes! No, I am *not* going to play to-morrow. I shall finish my article for the *Fortnightly* while you're gone. Now, Ro, drive on; there's a good lad."

Certainly, if I don't get through my work a little faster than I have been doing just at present, I shall never get through Mods next Michaelmas term, and the Dons sat upon me awfully before I turned my back upon Christchurch for the Long. Quoth the Dean: "The fact that you are heir to large estates and a title does not exempt you from the rule of conduct to which we are all subject. You have been leading a very dissipated life here, and, unless you pass Moderations next term, you must take your name off the college-books." So here am I, lying full length on the beach, the face turned towards the low escarpment of the Marine Parade lest the tossing waves and fresh breeze should combine to attempt me out for a sail, and doing my best to make a fair start at the "Medea" of a certain abominable Athenian dramatist, Euripides.

"'Would that the ship Argo,'" I resume, "'had never sailed through the straits of'—the Devil!"

For a moment my eyes had been fixed on my book, my chin resting in both hands, my elbows planted determinedly in the sand, but the gentle *zzzz from a passing dress has caused my attention. I have lifted my eyes, and, as the wall is on a level with them, and I have not raised my head, I catch a glimpse of the sweetest little pair of shoes and the nattiest little pair of ankles, encased in the neatest pair of striped stockings I have seen for many a long day. Nothing more.

Nevertheless, I say "the Devil!" for, if there *is* one thing I admire more than another it is a pretty foot; and I may here observe, by the way, that for the life of me I am unable to understand why a man who, *en tout bien, tout honneur*, has enjoyed the sight of a perfect ankle, and so on, should not be allowed to record the fact. For did not our grandmothers trip along the Pantiles in short dresses? Does not the contemporary Continental peasant carry out their praiseworthy example? And do our sisters refrain from patronizing the burlesque theatres? Ill-moulded, indeed, must be their limbs who object to the record of the respectful admiration which has been their fortuitous but all too-fleeting Revelation of the Beautiful.

"Go on," growls John Ascot, already deep in the the sonorous Iambics; "what are you stumbling at?"

And so I go on. But it is no use trying to keep my eyes on the crabbed Greek characters now, for they keep wandering away in the direction of the pretty figure that is diminishing steadily towards the rocks, and with it diminishes my diligence, and at last I jump up and stretch myself.

"Look here, John." I say, "I'm not in reading form this morning; let's go for a walk along the shore."

"All right," answers the unsuspecting classic; "but remember you owe me four hours now, and I'll have them out of you by—Euripides!" Whereupon, picking up our books, we march off at a smart pace, and, though unbeknown to John, Upon the Track!

I am, indeed, giving chase to the little gray figure, for I am determined to see whether the pretty feet that flashed past me can support anything less than loveliness. We gain upon her (once more unbeknown to John), but presently she disappears among the rocks. It is not long before we also reach the rocks, and then we see This. An arena of silvery sand, running up to the shingle and down to the sea, surrounded by a semicircle of great boulders fronting, and, where the sun catches the bright quartz, sparkling through the heavy green seaweed that drapes them. The waves purring up to the shore in wondrous lacework, or, where they meet resistance, breaking into fountains of white foam. And on the delicate shell-dotted floor, pacing up and down, a maiden fair that any feet in the world should be proud to carry—I should not mind doing it myself, for that matter.

Fair, do I say? Yes, most divinely fair. But her close-braided hair is dark, as are her arched brows and deep up-curling lashes; and her eyes are violet-gray, and her cheeks a tender olive that the sun, the breeze, and her bright youth have wakened into a life of color.

She is strangely occupied. For she is pacing up and down with a thin brown-paper-covered manuscript, to which she refers every now and then, in one hand, while the other is apparently employed in giving point to a swift flow of words she is addressing to some invisible "Miss Hardy." What can she be about? Surely, surely, I cannot have fallen in love at first sight with a pretty lunatic!

Presently she puts the book into her pocket, and, advancing a few steps towards the sea, as she might to an audience, drops it a quaint little curtsey, and breaks into song. Prosaic John Ascot would have fain pursued his walk, but I check him with a gesture, and we listen:

Cherry ripe, ripe, cherry ripe I cry;
Full and fair ones, come and buy!
If so be you ask me where
They do grow, I answer there
Where the sunbeams sweetly smile,
There's the land of Cherry Isle.

All this in a sweet, untutored voice like a nightingale's. And her innocent coquetry and pretty gestures of invitation are so enticing that I can only wish she *had* some cherries to sell, so I might purchase her whole stock, one by one.

Then plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow,
Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, ripe I——

She had caught sight of us. As she breaks off in confusion, she completes her conquest of my impressionable heart with a rosy blush that, if possible, makes her lovelier than before.

"Pray forgive this involuntary intrusion," I stammer, raising my hat in my best manner; "we will walk on as fast as we can." She bows in acknowledgment of my white lie; but the bird is scared, and I cast many a lingering look back at her graceful form as she hurries towards the town.

"Pretty girl," remarks John. And straightway forgets her.

Our walk does not last long, for suddenly I discover that I have letters of vast importance to write; and so we turn homewards.

This, however, is but a subterfuge on my part. Truth to tell, it has just occurred to me that as Toole—the inimitable Toole—has included Shoalford in his provincial tour, as he opens with "Paul Pry" this evening, and as "Cherry Ripe" is usually interpolated in that moving play, I may very possibly renew my acquaintance with a certain young lady no later than to-night. So, instead of writing letters, important or otherwise, I hasten to the Theatre Royal and secure the stage-box. And, after hanging about the neighborhood a little in the faint hope of catching yet another glimpse of my sea-nymph, I go home to John Ascot, and lunch.

The sultry afternoon drags along somehow to its close. I try hard in its course to liquidate a part of my four hours' indebtedness; but over the pages of my Euripides there dances a name I noted on the playbills, and "Nora Carilion" interferes sadly with Jason and Medea.

At last dinner is over, and, leaving my friend John to his article on the Universities' Reform Bill, I go out for a walk. That is, I walk up to the theatre. I am soon ensconced in my box, with a purchase I made on my way through the town, and sit through the first scene of "Paul Pry" with such attention as I can muster. Toole is admirable to-night, but I want to see Phœbe, the pretty soubrette, "with a song." At last the scene changes, and in Colonel Hardy's garden stands Phœbe, otherwise Nora Carilon, otherwise my sea-nymph of this morning.

Her voice is even more surprising, as in powerfully and yet sweetly unsophisticated "god" at the Vic. could his favorite low comedian, were but feebly to describe the physical expression of my approval of her exertions. But when she trips down for her song, and, becoming aware of my presence, fails to blushing even more charmingly than ever, I am strangely moved.

As she comes to the last note I extract my purcnase from its silver paper. It is a bouquet, and, lustily vociferating encore, I throw it at her feet.

The house takes up the cry, and she sings again. But she does not look my way this time, and soon is gone.

A tap at my door. Enter Mr. Mortimer, the worthy lessee of our theatre. I am a great pet of his, partly because I have a large income (for me) of my own, and a good deal of it finds its way into his treasury.

"How do you do, Mr. Wavertree?"—very blandly—"I just popped in to say you should have had the usual benefit I was booked yesterday. Sorry I couldn't do it for you."

"But there is one thing you *can* do for me," I say with a sudden inspiration; "and that is, take me behind and ask Toole if he will allow me to tell him personally how delighted I am with 'Paul Pry.'"

In a few minutes that is done, and, after receiving my awkward felicitations with such unaffected and hearty kindliness that I forget the real object of my visit behind the scenes until the callboy summons him for the next act, and I leave his dressing-room, enthusiastic Toole's devoted friend. Mortimer delay Mortimer at the wings with an artful series of questions anent stage-machinery, and am presently rewarded for my astuteness by the appearance of Madam Phœbe at her entrance, D. F.

"I am glad to congratulate you——" I whisper confusedly. "Charming voice—Cherry Ripe'—do, there's a good fellow!"

I have been introduced. She has bowed gracefully, thanked me for the flowers winningly, excused my eavesdropping laughingly, and is once more on the stage.

I get home, I suppose, by instinct; for to-night I am walking on air, and it is all I can do to abstain from proclaiming my felicity to the passers-by. A couple of words from a pretty mouth—felicity! Well, you see, I am only just twenty-one, and she is my first love.

The next day is the cricket match. I have half a mind to play truant and spend my time instead in looking out for Nora; but patriotism, or rather Shoalfordism, prevails. The ground is very picturesque. The close-cropped turf, surrounded by great elms, the deep circle of eager spectators, a few well-appointed drags, and a host of nondescript conveyances; the white tents and cricketers, and the rainbow of ladies' dresses; a goodly sight to see on a hot Summer's day. But, to me, all vanity and vexation of spirit.

At last it is my turn to go in. And, at last, in the excitement of defending my wicket, I forget my new-born tremor of hopes and fears, and pile up runs faster than my opponents can deliver balls. I am the hero of the hour; and when I carry out my bat I am welcomed with a storm of cheers, as having done well for Shoalford.

Now the inning is over, the crowd streams all over the ground, and makes a point of examining the pitch, which is being carefully rolled. Why I know not, but the crowd invariably *does* examine the pitch.

"Well played, Mr. Wavertree."

It is Nora. She is all in white to-day, and that suits her down to the ground. With her is an elderly little lady in black silk.

"Mamma," she continues, "let me introduce Mr. Wavertree." Then, turning to me: "My mother, Mrs. Deveson."

"Ah!" says the little lady, with a pleasant smile and proud look at her daughter, "the gentleman who admires my Nollie's singing so much."

Nollie! I fall in love with the name at once.

I murmur some common place, yet am inwardly much comforted at the thought that my Nollie has someone to look after her. Please to observe the "my."

"This is an unexpected pleasure," I say, trying to control my too-palpable delight; "I had no idea that my batting was being watched by the critical Mistress Phœbe."

"No more than yesterday morning I could have imagined——"

"Ah, Miss Deveson," I interpose, "if you knew how awfully jolly you look when you are rehearsing you would not grudge me yesterday morning."

And so we fall into pleasant converse until the bell rings, and I have to field-out with our side.

Dear old John, who is simple as a child as to anything unconnected with the classics, attributes my wondrous good-humor to the score I have made to-day, and is good enough to accompany me to the theatre on my solemn promise to get through a lot of work to-morrow. He is immensely delighted with Toole, roars with laughter all through the piece, and is blind enough not to recognize Nollie (there's that "my" again) in her humble travestie.

To-morrow comes. I work all the morning as if I were reading for honors in order to have the afternoon to myself; but after lunch I make for Wellington-street, where I have ascertained the Devesons are lodging, and hover about as if I were contemplating an ante-prandial burglary.

Very soon two ladies emerge from No. 20, and we are shaking hands and congratulating ourselves on this unaccountable stroke of good fortune.

"I am *so* glad to meet you, Mr. Wavertree;" and, indeed, I think she is. "We were just starting off to 'do' Shoalford; and now we may hope, perhaps, to enlist you as our cicerone."

Perhaps! Well, I show them all our lions, and as Shoalford is a quondam Roman station and Norman stronghold, I have plenty to show. Then I accompany them to their door, and there, O joy! am asked in to tea.

The company opened on Monday; this, therefore, is Wednesday, and so far I can give a distinct record of the phases of events; but how rapidly that Friday speed, from the hopes and anticipations of their dawn to the regrets and sweet memories of night, I cannot well chronicle.

During the happy hours they vouchsafe me I learn much of my darling and of her history. How she persuaded her widowed mother to allow her to add to their modest income by going upon the stage; the difficulties she has had to contend with; her determination to succeed; her plans for the future. And, on my side, I have told her all about myself. I think they know as much about me as I do.

But, more than all, I am beginning to hope that some magnetic power in my great and sudden love for her has exerted its influence, and that she may come to care for me.

As I escort her home from the theatre this Friday night she promises to come out for a sail in my boat to-morrow if she can get leave, so I wait outside while she negotiates.

"Mamma says I may go, Mr. Wavertree," she cries presently, running joyously down to the gate, "if it's fine, and you take your old man-o'-war's-man with you; so, good-night, and *a demain!*"

"Good-night, Miss Deveson." She gives me her hand. The moon is shining; I am in love, and her hand is trembling a little, so I kiss it, and depart hastily, marvelling much at my own audacity.

How I get through the night I know not—in fact, I think I must be just a little mad at present, for I find under my cheek when I wake after a troubled sleep a lady's glove, which I may or may not have been kissing a good deal. Such vagaries, however, are neither here nor there. What, at the same time, is more to the purpose is this, that at two of the clock on the Saturday which now is I am helping old Chumler to stow away the last bag of ballast in my stout little boat, and I can see a tight-fitting gray dress making its way towards us down the beach.

A cheery greeting, a scramble up the steps, and she is aboard. There is many a willing hand about when *my* boat is for sea, so we are soon at the water's edge. I stand at the tiller, and watch the turf. A great roller heaves and spends itself at our bow. "Go!" I cry, and we are off.

With a fresh land-breeze and sheets hauled taut we have soon threaded our way through the little fleet of fisher-boats that lie at their moorings, tossing and rolling as if jealous of our liberty, and in a few minutes we are ploughing through the fresh green waves, and ever and anon breaking into little fits of laughter as the strong salt spray baptizes one or other of us.

Laughter is catching; salt-water is the best medicine for a lover I learn in the world; so between the two it is no wonder that we are a *partous*, merry party. *Vogue la galere!* But after a time our conversation begins to flag. Chumler is leaning over the bows meditatively smoking his pipe; Nollie is sitting by my side humming snatches of sweet old songs; I am steering, and enjoying her presence. My left hand guides the tiller, my right has somehow or other prisoned hers, and she has not rebuked me. I can think of nothing but that she leaves for Birmingham to-morrow with the rest of the company, and I fancy the same thought is saddening her, too.

"I say, though," she breaks out suddenly, "we mustn't go too far. I have to be on the stage at a quarter to eight, you know."

"This breeze will take us back as fast as we came," I answer. "And I wish to God I could keep you from going back at all."

She smiles, and blushes a little at my fervency; but, as if in answer to my ejaculation, the wind veers and drops, and finally falls altogether. In half an hour we are hardly sailing an knot an hour; in a word, it is nearly nine o'clock before my boat's keel grates upon the sand.

We are strolling up the beach, not hurrying—it is no use hurrying now—and she is leaning on my arm.

"What shall I do? What *shall* I do?"—almost weeping—"I shall never get another engagement! and poor mamma—oh, I *am* so wretched!"

"Nollie, darling," I whispered, drawing her to my breast, "give up the stage, and be my wife; and your mother—she's a dear old lady—she shall live with us; and I have heaps of coin, and we'll do all the marketing together; and O my sweetheart! I love you, please!"

Stupid words enough, but they sound all right in the moonlight.

* * * * * * * * *

There is no more to tell. Except that all this happened a year ago, and that there is no wife so sweet as my Nollie in the world. I have spoken.

BILLIARDS.

THE TAMMANY HALL CONTESTS.
The New Game Steadily Growing in Favor—Schaefer and Sexton the Apparent Leaders.

The long-promised Collender Tournament was begun at Tammany Hall, this city, on the night of Nov. 11, and thus far it has delighted thousands, despite the fact that it has been held during a week of rain. The Champions' Game, as Mr. H. W. Collender calls the style of play he has introduced in deference to the popular demand for more open billiards and less nursing of balls that lean up against a cushion, has been demonstrated a success. Whether the balk-lines are yet quite long enough has not been settled to our satisfaction. We have had an opportunity to speak to but three of the players on this subject, and they think the game difficult enough as it is. As these three players—Heiser, Slosson and Schaefer—are the ones who have made the three highest runs up to this writing (113, 107 and 86), it is to be inferred that the other players also regard it as difficult enough without lengthening the lines, for the present at least. Some curious points in play have been developed, and we may treat of them when the tourney shall have closed. Daly, although he has been so crippled as a nurser by the balk-lines that he has not yet made a run of 75, has by his first four games averaged the average he made last Winter in his first four games at rail-billiards. Schaefer has up to date played but two games, but in both of these he has surpassed the average he made in the two first games of the same tournament, and in his 150 he got in no run above 84. Heiser has nearly trebled the average he made in his three games last Winter, Rudolphe has improved upon his only a little bit, and Garnier and Sexton have both fallen off, as also has Slosson. Apparent deterioration in Slosson's case is the more surprising, as in one game he ran upwards of 400 points in three games and fell below 200 in none. We are satisfied as to one thing, however; and that is that the lines cannot be made longer, without making the games shorter as to number of points. The prettiest game so far played has been that between Heiser and Sexton; and even in that, where so much around-the-table play was shown, it was a relief to see Heiser get the balls on the long rail, outside of balk. This shows that a little rail-nursing is by no means proof against indications are that Schaefer will pass unbeaten through the tournament, although the improved play on the part of Daly makes the latter dangerous. Slosson has needlessly lost a game, which is considerable in favor of Schaefer. Slosson attributes his defeat by Daly because I have a large income of my own, and a good deal of it finds its way into his treasury.

"How do you do, Mr. Wavertree?"—very blandly—"I just popped in to say you should have had the usual benef

ATHLETIC.

BICYCLING IN BOSTON.

Bicycle-racing, participated in by the foreign experts and local riders, attracted attention to the big tent on Huntington avenue, Boston, Mass., last week. On the night of Nov. 10 John Keen and David Stanton contended in a fifty-mile race, each being mounted upon a 56-inch machine. Stanton had not quite recovered from the painful accident which he met with a few days before leaving England, and did not ride so gracefully or easily as usual, while he was not in condition for a long journey in company with a man like Keen; consequently he cried quits on the seventh lap of the thirty-third mile. Keen, whose riding was greatly admired, continued to spin round and round the track until he had completed the fifty miles, which he was alleged to have accomplished in 3h. 10m. 1s.—time which, under the circumstances, suggests a short track or incorrect scoring and timing, although Keen is able to do much better. On the night of the 11th several contests took place, resulting as follow: One hour's ride by Wm. Cann, who was credited with 15 miles 3 laps 80 yards. Five-mile handicap run, for amateurs—First heat: W. S. Tufts (25yds. start), 1, in 19m. 6s.; J. P. Turner (scratch), 2, in 21m. 6s.; N. M. Ladd (75), 3. Second heat: W. M. Stall (35), 1, in 19m. 25s.; W. W. Allen (50), 2, in 19m. 34s.; B. H. Bieman (25), 3; J. P. Livermore (scratch) collided with a stake and fell, crippling his machine, on the fourth lap of the third mile. Final heat: Stall, 1, in 21m. 22s.; Tufts, 2, in 21m. 55s.; Allen fell on the sixth lap of the third mile, owing to running into the leader. He was thrown against the rail with considerable force, and got badly shaken up. 20-mile run—J. Keen, 1; Chas. Terront, 2, by a half-second; time, 1h. 14m. 31s. Rain caused a postponement for twenty-four hours of the races set for the 12th. The weather next day was not much better, but the sport was proceeded with, commencing in the afternoon. Two-mile run—First heat: D. Stanton (80yds. start), 1, in 7m.; W. Cann (80) and C. Terront (50) dead heat for second place, 7m. 5s.; J. Keen (scratch) last, 7m. 6s. Second heat: Terront, 1, in 7m.; Stanton, 2, by a second; Cann, 3; Keen, 4. Third heat: Stanton, 1, in 7m.; Cann, 2, by a second; Terront, 3; Keen, 4. Final heat: Stanton, 1, in 6m. 54s.; Terront, 2, by nine seconds; Cann, 3; Keen, 4. The spectators manifested an unusual degree of interest in this event. 50-mile run—Thomas and George Harrison (receiving five miles start, and relieving each other at the end of alternate five miles), 1, in 3h. 5m. 28. C. Terront (scratch), 2, in 3h. 8m. 27s. Thomas Harrison rode but five miles, in consequence of receiving a severe fall, his wheel slipping upon the wet track. Terront and George Harrison also each fell twice.

CORRECT TIMING.

A member of the Olympic Club of San Francisco, Cal., communicates the following suggestions in relation to facilitating the duties of timekeepers:

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 31.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—In sprint races there always is an uncertainty as to the exact time dependent on the exertness of the timers in starting and stopping the watches. An experienced timer will probably vary from a quarter to a half second from one less experienced, which, in the usual time of from 10¼ to 11 seconds, makes a most material difference, and it is doubted whether the most experienced timers can accurately catch the exact time of the starting and finish. It has been suggested that the only absolute correct way would be to have the watches started and stopped by electricity. This would, of course, necessitate the stretching of threads across the track, to be broken at the start and finish. It occurs to me that the same result could be accomplished in a simpler way without the use of the electric battery. Take the ordinary way of timing with two watches, and have threads attached to the stop, so that the pulling or breaking of the threads will stop the watch. The watches will then be started simultaneously. One watch will be stationed at the start with the thread stretched across the track, and the other in like manner at the finish. On the starting signal being given, the first thread will be broken and the first watch stopped; and on the crossing of the finish the second thread will be broken and the second watch stopped, and the difference in the time will give the exact time. In case of watches that stop by the pressure of a knob instead of a slide, a small wooden lever can be attached by any person of ordinary ingenuity so as to press the knob on the pulling of the thread. In either case the watch can be held by one person on one side of the track, and the other end of the thread fastened on the opposite side, or held by another person. O. C.

THE WRESTLERS.

There was nobody to meet Prof. Miller at this office on the morning of Nov. 13, and consequently nothing was done towards arranging a match with any of those to whom his challenge was directed. The mail, however, brings us the following fresh proposition from John McMahon:

NEW YORK CITY, Nov. 12, 1879.

MR. FRANK QUEEN—*Dear Sir*: I saw by the last issue of THE CLIPPER that neither Miller nor Bibby saw fit to accept my challenge, which appeared in your issue of the 4th inst; but Miller is still wrestling with his mouth. I will now give him a chance to wrestle with his feet, five falls, for one hundred dollars a fall, namely: One fall Graeco-Roman, two falls catch-as-catch-can, and two falls collar-and-elbow; or I will wrestle Miller one fall catch-as-catch-can for five hundred dollars a side, with five men on a side—no gate-money. I will also ask Mr. Dufur of Marlboro, Mass., to notice my $100 now in your hands, or if he does not, he should not whistle any more wrestling. On the same conditions I will wrestle Bauer, Christol, Bibby or any other wrestler in the United States. The match to take place in public or private, 30 days from signing articles, the remaining $400 to be deposited in the final stakeholder's hands ten days previous to the match. Yours very respectfully, JOHN MCMAHON.

NORTH-SIDE ATHLETIC CLUB.—The second annual games of the North-side Athletic Club, open to all amateurs, will be held at Woods' Athletic Grounds, cor. North 9th and Second streets, Brooklyn, E. D., on Thursday evening, Nov. 27 (Thanksgiving night), at 7.30 o'clock. The events are as follows: 40-yards run, handicap; one-mile walk, handicap; three-mile walk, handicap; one-mile run, handicap; tug-of-war, four men, 800lb, in uniform; one-hour go-as-you-please; tug-of-war, four men, 600lb. The rules of the National Association will govern all competitions. An entrance-fee of fifty cents must accompany each and every entry. Entries close Nov. 24. Gold medal to first and silver medal to second in each event, except in tug-of-war, in which each member of the winning team will receive a handsome medal. Medals will be on exhibition at Arnheim's, Astor House, New York City. All communications addressed to Thos. Flaherty, cor. sec., P. O. Box 4,596, New York City.

HARVARD BICYCLE RACES.—About five hundred persons gathered on Jarvis Field, Cambridge, Mass., on Nov. 14, to witness the Fall meeting of the Harvard Bicycle Club. The different events resulted thus: One-mile race, open to amateurs. First heat won by Sturgis, '81, in 3m. 34⅘s; second by Swan, '81, in 3m. 36⅘s.; and the final by Swan, in 3m. 32⅘s. 100yds. slow race, won by Taylor, B. I. One mile maiden race, for those who had never won a prize, Williston, '82, 1; Herrick, '82, 2; time, 3m. 47⅕s. Two-mile race—Swan, '81 (scratch), 1; Williston, '82 (75yds.), 2; time, 7m. 30⅘s. Judges: W. Allen and C. A. Parker; starter, W. Kane; timekeeper, E. J. Wendell; referee, W. R. Thayer. The membership of the club has increased to sixty-five, and they possess ninety machines.

BICYCLING EXHIBITION.—A meeting was held at the Sherman House, Chicago, Ill., last week, at which a bicycle entertainment was arranged, between the lately-arrived foreign team of four and eight riders to be produced by J. H. Mack. The contest is to be of eighty-four hours' duration (fourteen hours per diem), and is to take place in the Exposition Building, the distance made by the two leading men on each side together to count as the number of miles to win, and the gate-money to be equally divided. The American riders are to be allowed a start of one hundred miles each; but this is nothing like a fair allowance, considering the abilities of the well-trained foreigners.

THE first hare-and-hound chase of the season was had on Thursday, Nov. 13, the locale being Red Bank, N. J., and the participants as follows: T. Chadwick and A. Freles, hares; Milo Sagues, Edward Tilton, S. S. Sagues, A. Thompson, A. Borden and C. Coleman, hounds; Dr. Field, master. Starting from Field's Club-house, near the village, the hares, who had five minutes' start, ran as far as Haden's Post, near Middletown, about seven miles distant, and Chadwick got back first, his time being 1h. 53m., Freles soon following. Sagues was the first of the hounds to return, nearly half an hour later, they having lost the trail. They will have it over again on Thanksgiving-day.

GAMES WILL BE HELD at Woods' athletic grounds, Williamsburg, L. I., on Monday evening, Dec. 1, under the management of Jack Goulding. The following events will be open to amateurs: One hour go-as-you-please (a disputed race between Chris. Renhofer, Clark H. Woodward and J. R. Cornell); quarter-mile run, for those who never beat one minute; half-mile run, for those who never ran before; one-mile run, for those who never beat 5m. 15s.; one-mile walk, for those who never beat 8m. 30s. During the evening Harry Armstrong and Fred J. Mott will exhibit an exhibition match of two miles. Goulding will also perform some novel feats of pedestrianism.

JOHN BARRETT was returned as the winner of the 27-hour go-as-you-please contest at New Haven, Ct., Nov. 7, 8; but he had to be content with that barren honor, as the prize-money was not forthcoming. He had the alleged manager, Harry Mann, a speculative Bostonian, arrested, in the hope that such action would compel the latter to pay the $250 to which Barrett's performance entitled him, but so far he has not succeeded. After a while, perhaps, pedestrians will tire of paying entrance-money and trusting to the word of irresponsible speculators.

J. E. WARBURTON, having reconsidered the offer made while elated with his success in the attempt to lower the amateur ten-mile record, now wants to wait until next year before trying to obliterate Deerfoot's professional record. He proposes to take £300 to £30 that he beats the record at 10, 20 and 30 miles, commencing with the longer distances. W. Cummings, the Scotch flyer, has also challenged "Choppy" to run four miles, either for a cup or against time, each to have a man to run with him, and both to run within the same hour.

THE WRESTLING MATCH between Joe Ryan and James Downes has been fixed to take place at Cogan's Hall, First avenue and Eleventh street, between eight and nine o'clock P. M. on Nov. 25. William Carroll will be judge for Ryan, James Ward for Downes, and John Bagley will act as referee. The match is for $25 a side, is to be decided by the best three in five falls, collar-and-elbow holds, and tickets can be obtained only from the final stakeholder, John Smith, 434 East 38th street.

A 50-HOUR GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE amateur contest took place at the Opera-house, Wellsville, N. Y., Nov. 6-8. Robinson, a lad of 18 years, is said to have made 52 miles 23 laps in 9h. 30m.; Kinney scored 59 miles 13 laps in 11 hours. The score for 24 hours was: Foster, 101.5; Bently, 96.10; Crane, 94.26; Perry, 92. The score for 50 hours stood: Foster, 166.20; Crane, 162.15; Bently, 144.5; Perry, 122.9. The above time was made on a 33-lap track.

THE EAST-SIDE ATHLETIC CLUB of this city was organized recently by the election of the following officers: President, L. Schoenfield; secretary, M. Levy; treasurer, H. Hart; financial secretary, L. Field; trainer, H. Steinhardt; executive committee, S. Frank, E. Steel, G. Brandils, T. Clark, G. Hill, M. McLee, G. Rogers, F. Marr and C. Starr. Their rooms are at 371 Eighth street, grounds at 107 Columbia street, and they hold meetings every other Sunday.

MILITIAMEN SPORTS.—The members of the Twenty-second Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., will hold an indoor athletic meeting at the armory, West Fourteenth street, this city, on Saturday evening, Dec. 20. The programme includes runs of 50, 220, 440, 880 yards and one mile, one-mile walk, putting the shot, running high-jump, standing high-jump, 130lb tug-of-war and any-weight tug-of-war.

G. W. FLAGG of Braintree, Vt., has posted fifty dollars with *The Boston Herald* for a match for $250 a side and the championship at collar-and-elbow wrestling with H. H. Dufur. If the latter declines to accept, it is open to anybody else upon the same terms.

DAVID STANTON fell and fractured his collar-bone in a race with John Keen at the Surbiton Grounds, England, Oct. 28. The accident occurred during the twenty-first mile of a twenty-five-mile exhibition.

AQUATIC.

HANLAN AND COURTNEY.
They Agree to Row at Washington.

On Thursday afternoon, Nov. 13, pursuant to appointment, a meeting of those directly interested in the negotiations for a race between Edward Hanlan and C. E. Courtney was held at the Brackett House, Rochester, N. Y. The conference was held in the room occupied by William Blaikie, who acted as referee in the Chautauqua Lake fiasco, and who has since then been untiring in his efforts to bring the men together. He had communicated with both scullers, making the appointment to meet at the time and place designated, and there were present, besides himself, both principals and their advisers and spokesmen—Capt. Sullivan of Rochester for Courtney, and David Ward and Jas. Douglass for Hanlan—and Mr. Soule, the representative of the donors of the purse of $6,000. The discussion was prolonged from early in the afternoon until nearly midnight, when the last disputed point was settled and the articles were signed, Capt. Sullivan signing for Courtney, who was obliged to leave for Ithaca at half-past eight o'clock. The Hanlan party would not agree to give a quit-claim on the original $6,000, unless Courtney would give the champion a guarantee equal to the prize offered that he would start, to which demand the New-Yorker would not accede. Thereupon Mr. Soule got up and poured oil upon the much-troubled waters by saying: "Let me see if you men want to row, anyway. I will put up a new purse of $6,000, and if Mr. Hanlan thinks he is entitled to the old prize of $6,000, why, we can settle that." This announcement, doing away as it did with all the trouble over the original purse, proved entirely satisfactory, and Mr. Soule is to be commended for providing this means of reaching an agreement. The distance will be five miles with a turn, and the provisions of the protocol are as follow:

The race will be for the sum of $6,000, and will be rowed on a course on the Potomac River, near Washington, D. C., on Tuesday, Dec. 9, between the hours of 2 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Smooth water required, subject to the decision of the referee, who is empowered to postpone the race until the next day, or the first favorable day thereafter, if the water is not in fit condition for the race to come off; but, in case of such postponement, it shall be optional with the referee to fix the hours of the race between 10 and 11.30 A. M. or 2 and 5 P. M. It is mutually agreed that each contestant shall deposit with the referee $500 within five days from this date (Nov. 13), with written instructions to pay the $1,000 over to the oarsman who does start in the race at the word "Go," if the other oarsman does not start. But in case both start, or both fail to start, then $500 is to be returned to each of the depositors. William Blaikie of New York is to be the referee; the decision of the referee is to be final; the referee is to accompany the men over the course, if possible. The men shall toss for choice of position before starting in the race, and shall be started, after preliminary warning, by the word "Go," the word to be given by the referee. They shall start from two boats, moored forty yards apart, each man to turn his own buoy from port to starboard, and return to the place of starting. The referee, in case of any outside interference during the race, if it affects the result of the race, or for any good cause, may order the men to row again on the first favorable day under the original conditions. The race is to be governed by the laws of boat-racing adopted by the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen. Each oarsman has the right to select a judge to look after his interests, who shall be allowed to accompany the referee over the course, and any point of disagreement shall be finally settled by the referee. The referee's boat shall be chosen by mutual consent, to see that the turning-buoys are not molested or changed; also, a judge for each at the finish, with a referee to decide which crossed the winning line first, each of said judges and said referee to be determined on Dec. 8. All steamers and boats must be under the entire control of the referee, or committee appointed by the referee. Hanlan agrees that, from the moment the word "Go" is given in the race proposed, he will waive all rights which he has or shall then have to the $6,000, provided both he and Courtney start in the race at the word "Go," and the $6,000 shall go to whomsoever the referee decides the winner to be of the contest. But in case either he or Courtney fails to start at the word "Go," then it is agreed that Hanlan does not waive such rights or any rights whatever to or under his claim for the $6,000. Mr. Soule, while recognizing no right of Hanlan to this prize, but denying the same, and in consideration of the present agreement, will, within five days from Nov. 13, place in the hands of the referee a certificate of deposit of $6,000, to be delivered by the referee to whichever of the two oarsmen the referee decides to be the winner, but in no case whatever shall the referee deliver the certificate to either Hanlan or Courtney unless they both start at the word "Go." A central line of flags, an eighth of a mile apart, shall extend throughout the centre of the course, the expenses of surveying and staking the course and the referee's expenses to be borne by Hanlan and Courtney, share and share alike. Any commissions, percentages, donations or income of any sort whatever from any railroads, hotels or outside source whatever shall go to the winner of the race.

These articles are very carefully drawn, and the provisions thereof are such as ought to insure a race, provided the oarsmen are favored with good weather. The spectacle of a boat-race in this latitude at this season of the year will be a novelty, but it is represented that the records of past years show that the average temperature at the Capital in the early part of December was about 50 degrees. Let us hope that it may be no lower this year. Hanlan and Courtney will probably proceed to Washington this or next week, so as to have the benefit of as much practice as possible over the course with which they are entirely unacquainted. The champion will be the guest of the Analostan Club, and Courtney of the Potomac, so that each man is certain to have excellent accommodation and be well taken care of. A former secretary of the Analostans gives the following information regarding the stretch of water upon which the contest will doubtless be waged: "Those who are familiar with the topography of Washington and Georgetown will recollect that the Aqueduct Bridge crosses the Potomac in the latter city. Commencing at this bridge and extending down the river for two miles and a half is the course that is rowed over in the races which take place between the rival boat-clubs of the Capital. The river at the bridge is about half a mile in width, and gradually grows wider until, at the Long Bridge, which is the lower terminus of the course, it is one mile wide. About three-fourth of a mile from the start stands the boathouse of the Potomac Club, which is one of the crack organizations in the South. From this point a splendid view of the start and finish can be had. Passing Rock Creek, which divides Georgetown from Washington, and a fourth of a mile farther down, on the same side of the river, stands the palatial boathouse of the celebrated Analostan Club, which is fitted up in the most elegant style. This club, of which Mr. Blaikie was formerly a member, has invited the oarsmen to be their guests, and their hospitality in this is a sufficient guaranty that their visitors will be royally entertained. Opposite the boathouse is Analostan, or Mason's Island, and the river divides at this point. The course, however, is laid out on the northern side of the island, and is in full view at the way down. After passing this point the river makes a slight curve to the south until it reaches a point opposite the Washington Monument, when it again sweeps to the east, and the course from that point to the Long Bridge is nearly straight." Should everything turn out all right, it is safe to predict that all will not be "quiet on the Potomac" on Dec. 9.

MANN vs. WHITE.

The challenge issued by White of the Halifax Rowing Club to row any man in Nova Scotia, barring Warren Smith, for $100 a side, was accepted by John Mann, Smith's opponent at the annual race for the championship of Halifax Harbor. The race took place on Monday, Nov. 10, about four o'clock P. M., and resulted in an easy victory for Mann. John Mann is a native of Halifax, 25yrs. old, and follows the occupation of waterman. He has gained considerable repute as a local oarsman, being a member of the well-known Ross-Foley crew, and having held the sculling championship for a couple of years. This is the first match-race he has ever rowed. White is 22 years of age, was born at Ferguson's Cove, N. S., and is a fisherman by occupation. He has been in constant training for the last eighteen months, under the care of the Halifax Rowing Club. This was his first race since he went into training, and, judging from the result, the impression made on his backers is very unfavorable. Both men were started by the word "Go," given by K. J. Dolphin, the referee. Mann took the water first, striking 30 strokes to the minute, White following with 27. At the end of the first half-mile Mann led by three lengths, a lead he increased all the way round, stopping at times to let his opponent come up a little. At the turn he was ten lengths ahead, and from this point he rowed leisurely home, winning by four minutes one of the worst sculling-races ever rowed on the harbor. Time, 26m. 37s. Mann's style was admired by everybody, he pulling a nice clean stroke of 28 and 30, and finishing up in good style, while the opinion formed of White is that he will never make an oarsman. Betting was 2 and 3 to 1 in his favor, and considerable money changed hands.

SCULLING IN AUSTRALIA.—Two interesting scullers' races were recently decided in Australia. The more important was between C. Laycock and Michael Rush, and was rowed on the championship course on the Paramatta River, near Sydney, N. S. W., Sept. 5, Laycock winning with ease in 22m. 42½s., the distance being 3 miles 333 yards straightaway. The other event was between C. A. Messenger and W. Hearne, the latter hailing from New Zealand, and came off Aug. 23, on the Lower Yarra, in Victoria, over a course of about two miles. They rowed for £50 and the championship of the colony, and Messenger won by three lengths. Subsequently, James Edwards offered to match his son Robert against the winner for £100 a side.

CRICKET.

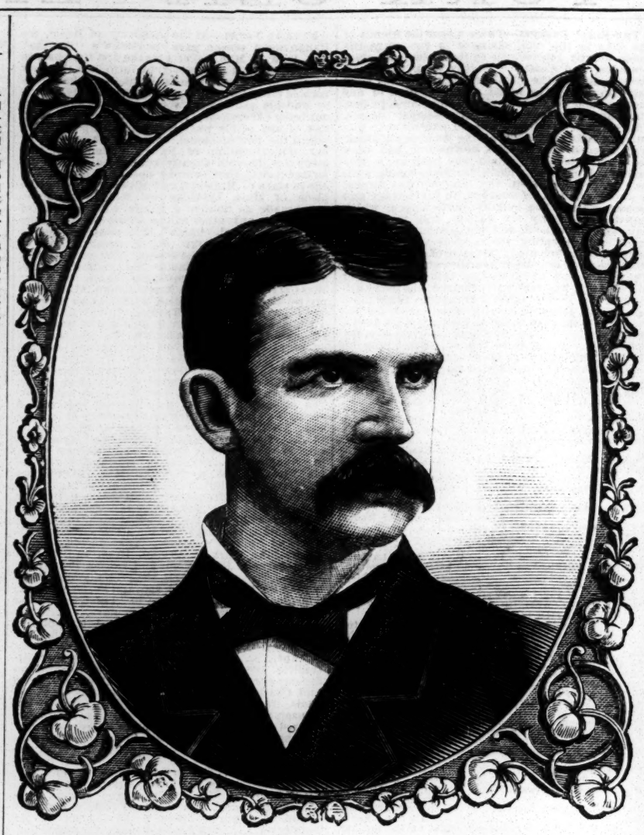
IRISH ELEVEN vs. PENINSULAR CLUB.

The full score of the Irish Eleven's last game in America has not been previously published. It was played at Detroit, Mich., on Oct. 22 and 23, the Irish team then defeating eleven of the Peninsular Club of that city in one inning, with 107 runs to spare. Casey carried his bat out for 48, and Trotter and Nunn ably seconded him in run-getting with their respective scores of 46 and 40. On behalf of the home-eleven, the chief contributors to the score were Calvert and Joy with not-out innings of 20 and 19 respectively. Joy, it will be remembered, made the top score (17) against Daft's team. To complete the record, we give below the full score:

		IRISH ELEVEN.	
Colthurst b. Dale	2	Exham b. Dale	0
G. Hone b. Dale	6	Nunn b. Dale	40
W. Hone Jr. b. Armstrong	15	Hamilton b. Dale	9
N. Hone b. Dale	12	J. Hone b. Littlejohn	3
Trotter c. Bamford b. Littlejohn	46	Extras	15
Casey, not out	48		
Miller b. Dale	1	Total	207

First Inning.	PENINSULAR CLUB.	Second Inning.	
Heigho, run out	0	b. Hamilton	1
Bamford st. Casey b. Exham	2	b. Exham	3
Calvert, not out	20	b. Hamilton	0
Armstrong c. Hamilton b. Exham	0	b. Exham	7
Irvine b. Hamilton	0	b. Hamilton	3
Dale b. Hamilton	0	b. Exham	0
White, run out	2	b. Hamilton	0
Hinchman b. Hamilton	3	l. b. w. b. Hamilton	8
Joy c. W. Hone b. Exham	2	not out	19
Littlejohn c. Nunn b. Exham	1	b. Hamilton	0
Neville b. Nunn	1	c. Colthurst b. Exham	1
Extras	1	Extras	9
Total	43	Total	57

"BRENTANO'S MONTHLY" for November has made its appearance. It is filled with reading and statistical matter worth perusing by those interested in sporting events.



A. C. SPALDING, Pitcher and Manager.

The subject of our sketch commenced his baseball career in 1863 as a member of a junior nine in Rockford, Ill., and it was not until 1866 that he entered a senior club, and then he became pitcher of the Forest City nine of Rockford, in that year the amateur rivals of the old Excelsior Club of Chicago. We first saw Al. Spalding pitch in the contest which took place at Dexter Park, Chicago, July 25, 1867, between the Washington Nationals—then on a grand tour through the West—and the Forest Citys of Rockford. In this latter nine, besides Spalding, there were Ross Barnes as short-stop and Addy at second base. The result of the contest was the occasion of an excitement out West which may be said to have inaugurated the baseball-fever which afterwards set in in Chicago. To the surprise of the Nationals, they were defeated by the Forest Citys by a score of 29 to 23, the victory being mainly due to Spalding's effective pitching. The next day the Nationals took their revenge on the Chicago Excelsiors by defeating them by 49 to 4. The other defeat was the only one the Nationals sustained on their tour, they winning by large majorities in Cincinnati, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Louisville and Columbus. The victory by the Rockfords set that club up, and they soon became noted, Spalding improving in his work as pitcher each season. At last Harry Wright engaged him for his new Boston team, and in 1871 Spalding began his championship career; and each season, from 1872 to 1876 inclusive, saw him the pitcher of the champion nine of the country. During this period he was undoubtedly the finest strategic pitcher in the fraternity. In 1876 he entered upon his career as manager of the Chicago team, and during that year, he having exclusive control of the team, the Chicago nine won the League pennant. At the close of 1876 Al. practically retired from the professional arena as a player, and left the management of the team in the hands of the president of the club, Spalding going into the sporting-goods business in 1877. Of thorough integrity of character, marked executive ability and quiet demeanor, Al. is not only a model strategic pitcher, but a most intelligent and gentlemanly exemplar of professional play.

BASEBALL.

REVIEWING THE SEASON.
The Captains of 1879.

"Who shall we have to captain the nine?" was the general query at the meetings of club-stockholders last Spring when the teams of 1879 were being organized; and the practical answer made to the question was one which had an important bearing on the welfare and success of each team during the season's campaign. "The man who can best act as captain," was one response; "The manager had better appoint the captain," was another; while in a third case the leading official of the club took upon himself the responsibility of appointing the captain. The difficulty in the way of either one of these plans succeeding was the fact that in too many cases there was no man in the team competent to fill the bill properly. If one of the players from among whom the captain had to be selected was found able to act as captain from his knowledge of the rules of the game and of base-ball play, he was also generally found to be lacking in other and equally essential qualifications for the position—that is, he either lacked the power to control his team by possessing their confidence and respect, or he had not the requisite coolness and nerve in trying positions in a match; or he needed that important essential, a control of temper. Hence the captaincy of teams, in many instances, fell into hands unfitted for the duties devolving upon the position. To be able to captain a first-class professional nine properly is to do something scarcely one player out of fifty can do. Let us glance for a moment at the qualifications necessary in a first-rate captain of a nine, and then we can judge better whether the club-team about selecting a captain possesses any player competent to fill the office even acceptably. No position in a professional nine requires such marked and peculiar abilities as that of a first-class captain. One of the most important requisites is thorough control of temper—without that, all the other essentials will be practically useless; for of what avail are familiarity with the points of play, or even a thorough knowledge of the rules of the game and of strategy, if the judgment is to be warped and marred by an uncurbed temper? Then, again, a model captain has a quiet way of doing his work, and a happy faculty of commanding obedience from his men, which tells with great effect; while an ordinary, commonplace captain simply uses his power in a way that only irritates and annoys his men, and draws from them but a sullen and reluctant obedience at best. There is a vast difference in the quality of the field-work done by a team who only obey their captain because the penalty of disobedience is a forfeiture of salary, and that prompt assent to the captain's plans and opinions in the field-play of the team which respect and esteem for the officer in power alone exact. The possession of power to control players is something which tempts a man to show his true disposition when he least expects it; and just here, in this one thing, comes in a test as to whether this, that or the other man is fitted to act as captain. Look at a regiment of soldiers with its ten captains, and note the difference in the action of the companies under their command. While all are bound by regulations to observe strict obedience to the commands of their captain, how differently are these commands obeyed! With one captain how prompt to each beck and call is every man in the ranks, while with another nothing but the letter of the law is obeyed. Just so is it in the captaincy of professional nines; and hence it is that so much importance is attached to the selection of the captain. Of course, when you have a manager who, to a certain extent, practically performs many of the duties of field-captain, the nominal captain becomes quite a figure-head, carrying out the behests of the man really at the head. But in cases where the manager is not sufficiently posted to interfere with the field-work in a match, then the selection of the captain becomes a very important matter.

There is another thing to be taken into consideration in selecting the team-captain, and that is to let your choice be guided by the ability a certain player possesses for ruling his men by showing that he takes an interest in their personal welfare; to that extent, in fact, that it is a pleasure to him to see them excel in their work. It is only this that will elicit that willing obedience which yields the best returns. It should be borne in mind that no player can captain a nine without giving umbrage to his men in some way or other; the exigencies of the game involve the commission of errors of one kind or another to an extent that will give rise to censure, perhaps unjust rebuke, too, at times; but when this censure comes from a captain who is known to do his best for his men, it only temporarily annoys, and frequently is silently passed by. Not so when an arbitrary, hot-tempered captain has control; then the inevitable result is an effort of his men to "get square with him," even at the same point in the game being lost; and with this follows that feeling of ill-will and discord which is death alike to discipline and effective play.

One thing is very essential to look out for in organizing a team and selecting a captain, and that is to see that there be no rivals for the office in the ranks. In other words, avoid having ex-captains or ex-managers in your team; or if this cannot be avoided, see to it that no loop-hole be left for the ambitious hopes of preferment by the ex-captain or manager in the team who has been obliged to accept a subordinate position.

Another important matter for consideration is that the player selected for captain should possess determination of character. An effective captain must know no such word as vacillation. The captain—like the woman—"who hesitates is lost." Let him be a man who, after once having decided, abides by that decision; not, of course, with that mule-like obstinacy which admits of no advice or instruction, but with that prompt determination which marks a man of strong character.

Now, it will be readily seen that the requisites alluded to above are such as but few players possess. That is just what we pointed out in the beginning, and it is to show what characteristics are needed in an efficient man for the position that we hope to present the rules to govern the selection.

Still one more point and we have done with our model captain. While it is, of course, proper that the captain should be held to a due responsibility for the conduct of his men on the field—the club-manager should attend to them off the field—this should only be done when he is given full power to act, and not when he is made only nominally captain through the interference of the manager, or some club official, or stockholder, who, by his petting of one or more men of the team, practically nullifies the orders of the captain. To place a man in command of a nine and then allow this, that or the other club official to instruct players what to do in the field, or to insist upon the men being placed or appointed to their respective positions in opposition to the captain's wishes, at the same time holding the captain responsible for the faulty play of so badly governed a team, is a gross act of injustice. The fact is, no club can be successfully organized or properly run while the club board of directors or any other club officials are allowed to interfere outside the line of their special duties. The club-manager finds his duties confined to the disbursement of expenses, the collection of receipts, and the looking-after the general welfare of the team, and, in fact, "running the teams" outside of the field, while the captain runs the team on the field, and there only.

Now, let us briefly glance at the captaining done in 1879. In which team was there any man even approaching the model we have drawn? In not one that we know of. In one team there were three players, one of whom was manager and two were ex-managers. The nominal captain, even if he had control of the men, was not fit to captain them, while the ex-captains all worked with a view to ultimately gratify their rival expectations. The result was the failure of the team, though it was made up of excellent playing material. In another team the nominal captain was "bossed" by the prominent official of the club, and this had its customary damaging effect, ending in defeat. In another, the captain of the nine was a quiet-tempered fellow, who could not control himself, still less others. In another, the captain was too mild a man to enforce his command, while in still another the captain knew less about governing men than the poorest player under him. And so on through the whole list with but few exceptions, and these are well known to need naming. Suffice it to say that but in three, or at most four teams, were the right men in the right places as captains.

LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP CONTESTS.
East vs. West and West vs. West.

Next to the League pennant contests come the championship questions as between the League clubs representing the East and the West and the West itself. These series of games, of course, began with the existence of the League itself in 1876, and consequently the season's play of 1877 begins the record. But for the purpose of comparison we go back to 1876, when we find the record standing as follows:

EASTERN CLUB VICTORIES.

	Chicago.	*St. Louis.*	*Louisville.*	*Cincinnati.*	*Total.*
Hartford	4	5	9	11	29
Boston	4	5	10	10	29
Mutual	1	4	7	11	23
Athletic	1	2	5	8	16
Totals	10	16	31	40	97

WESTERN CLUB VICTORIES.

	Hartford.	*Boston.*	*Mutual.*	*Athletic.*	*Total.*
Chicago	6	9	7	7	29
St. Louis	6	6	8	7	27
Louisville	1	5	6	7	19
Cincinnati	1	0	1	3	5
Totals	14	20	22	24	80

It will be seen that the West defeated the East by 79 to 67, the Chicago team leading the West and the Hartfords the East.

In the matches West vs. West the Chicago Club took the lead, as will be seen by the appended record.

	St. Louis.	*Louisville.*	*Cincin'ti.*	*Chicago.*	*T'l Won.*
Chicago	4	9	10	0	23
St. Louis	0	6	8	0	14
Louisville	4	0	8	1	13
Cincinnati	2	2	0	0	4
Totals	10	17	25	7	59

In 1877 the above record was reversed, the Eastern nines—though a minority—easily defeating their Western opponents, as the record shows:

EASTERN VICTORIES.

	St. Louis.	*Louisville.*	*Chicago.*	*Cincin'ti.*	*T'l Won.*
Boston	6	8	10	11	35
Hartford	5	6	8	7	26
Totals	11	14	18	18	61

WESTERN VICTORIES.

	Boston.	*Hartford.*	*T'l Won.*
St. Louis	6	7	13
Louisville	4	6	10
Chicago	2	4	6
Cincinnati	1	3	4
Totals lost	13	20	33

As between the West vs. West the record was as follows:

	Lou'ville.	*Chi'go.*	*St. Louis.*	*Cin'nati.*	*T'l Won.*
Louisville	0	10	6	11	27
Chicago	4	0	8	8	20
St. Louis	2	4	0	9	15
Cincinnati	3	3	0	0	11
T'al lost	11	17	17	28	73

In 1878 the fight was again at the odds of two to four, the East only having Boston and Providence, while the West had Cincinnati, Chicago, Indianapolis and Milwaukee. The record follows:

EASTERN VICTORIES.

	Cin'nati.	*Chicago.*	*Ind'apolis.*	*Milw'kee.*	*Tot. Won.*
Boston	6	8	10	11	35
Providence	3	6	10	8	27
Totals	9	14	20	19	62

WESTERN VICTORIES.

	Boston.	*Providence.*	*Total Won.*
Cincinnati	6	9	15
Chicago	4	6	10
Indianapolis	2	2	4
Milwaukee	1	4	5
Total lost	13	21	34

In the case of the West vs. West the result was as follows:

	Cincinnati.	*Chicago.*	*Indianap.*	*Milw'kee*	*Total Won.*
Cincinnati	0	10	4	8	22
Chicago	2	0	8	10	20
Indianapolis	4	0	0	8	12
Miwaukee	4	2	4	0	10
Total lost	14	16	16	26	72

In 1879 the record stands as follows as between the East and the West:

WESTERN VICTORIES.

	Providence.	*Boston.*	*Syracuse.*	*Troy.*	*T'l Won.*
Chicago	5	8	8	8	29
Buffalo	6	3	5	11	25
Cincinnati	2	5	8	9	24
Cleveland	4	2	4	5	15
Total lost	17	18	25	33	93

EASTERN VICTORIES.

	Chicago.	*Buffalo.*	*Cin'nati.*	*Cleve'd.*	*T'l Won.*
Providence	7	6	10	8	31
Boston	4	9	7	10	30
Syracuse	1	3	4	7	15
Troy	3	1	2	6	12
Total lost	15	19	23	31	88

In regard to the Western championship, the result is appended:

	Buffalo.	*Cincin'ti.*	*Chicago.*	*Cleve'd.*	*To'l Won.*
Buffalo	0	7	6	8	21
Cincinnati	3	0	8	8	19
Chicago	6	3	0	8	17
Cleveland	4	4	4	0	12
Total lost	13	14	18	24	69

A summary of the season's contests East and West gives the appended result:

1876, Eastern victories	67	1876, Western victories	79
1877, Eastern victories	61	1877, Western victories	33
1878, Eastern victories	62	1878, Western victories	34
1879, Eastern victories	88	1879, Western victories	93
Total	278	Total	239

Each section took the lead two seasons, but in the aggregate of victories the East leads by 39 victories.

The summary of the Western championship contests is as follows:

1876, won by Chicago.
1877, won by Louisville.
1878, won by Cincinnati.
1879, won by Buffalo.

THE GAME IN CALIFORNIA.

On Nov. 2, at the Recreation Grounds, San Francisco, Cal., the second game was played between the Chicagos and Cincinnatis. Galvin led, both in the field and at the bat, and his pitching was unusually troublesome, the strong batters of the Chicagos being kept down to four hits. Clapp's catching was also particularly fine. At

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal-laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must* be *prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

All such will be answered publicly, through our columns.—ED. CLIPPER.]

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Nov. 17.

LADIES' LIST.

Abecco, Florence (2)
Adams, Lucille
Bennett Annetta (vocalist)
Bennett, Grace
Bradley, Leanora (2)
Bell, Lotta
Bretto, Emma
Beaumont, Nellie
Campbell, Lucille H. T.
Curtis, Irene
Cavendish, or Manager Mrs Ada
Curtis, Mrs. Annie
Celleste,— (child-pianist)
Curtiss, Mrs. Annie M.
Carroll, Lillie
Coleman, Alice (of Coleman Sisters)
Cotton, Jr., Mrs. R.
Calef, Jennie (of Rice's Surp. Co.)
Corella, Octavia 9c.
Davenport, Carrie
Duncan, Pearl
D'Ormer, Madam
Drayton, Allie
DeGranville, Millie
D'Alve, Lillie & Gussie
Don, Laura 9c.
Derby, Emelie
Dickinson, Anna E 9c.
DeFranchis, Mrs. S A.
Dixon, Blanche (vocalist)
Evans, Lottie (late of New Haven)
Elwood, C. T. Anthony & Ellis
Anderson, J. C. (comedian)
Arnold, Annie
Ambler, Harry
Austin, C. (of Chas. & Carrie)
Admiral Yale
Andrews, Ed. (co median)
Brady, A. R.
Bruno, H. (of Bruno & Roche)
Boyd, John (p. o. m. Belfast, Ire.)
Banks, C. (of Grau's Fr. & Wor. Co.)
Boswell, W. H.
Brown, Thos. W.
Belmont, Chas.
Brockway, L. G.
Brazier, Geo. R.
Bonnie, W. W.
Barbour, C. N. (2)
Barlow, J. (at Barlow's)
Byron, O. Loud
Brazier, R. K. L. (2)
Bryant, & Manning (late Bryant & Manning)
Bishop, R. B. (manager)
Barton, Clarence M.
Bangs, F. C.
Brown, Col. T. A.
"B. N." or "B. W." Brayton, F. W.
Blanchard, Harry (2)
Bingham, — (ventriloquist)
Bishop, T. Brigham
Burke, M. (manager) (3)
Barnum, G. W.
Burgess, Neil (2)
Benjamin, F. L.
Benton, Chas. (of Benton & Hunt.)
Bibby, Edwin
Bishop, — (of Harvey's Juv. Pinafore Co.)
Bush, C. (of Gold en's Co.)
Bateman, E. M.
Batcheller & Doris
Brower, Robt.
Bunnell, Alfred
Bell, Frank
Biddle, L. L.
Bamford, W.
Brandisi, Jos.
Braham, Harry J.
Boulton, Harry
Britton, J. (of Gt. South. Minst.)
Compston, W.
Campbell & Burke
Coup, W. C (2)
Carson, Jr., Kit
Clarke, S. (of Clark & Edwards)
Cummings, J. (Prince de Almo)
Coney, G. W.
Crawford, Capt. Jack
Ormsbee, Chas. A. (3)
Crawford Bros. & Nellie Crawford
Campbell, Ned
Carroll, — (of Harris & Carroll)
Collins, Harvey
Cullington, Wm.
Colvin, D.
Cooper, Bailey & Co.
Conley, Geo. A. 13c.
Collins, H. W.
Carter, W. W.
Cordello, C. (of Cord. & Vieterelli)
Casey, F. (of How orth's Juv. Sing.)
Conner, Ed. S.
Clapham, John S.
Clifford, Ed. (of GlobeCom. Co.)
Clifford's Comb. (3)
Collier's Banker's Daughter Co., Agent
Davis, Thos. O. (of Davis Lever Co.)
Delano, Jeppe (2)
Dunbar, K. C.
Dashway, Chas.
Darlies, H. Rose
Denier, John
Dobson, Frank (manager)
Dowling, J. J.
Dockstader, Chas. R.
Dugane, C. T.
Duncan, C. H.
Donaldson, Prof. (cannon-ball "biz")
DeGarmo, Charlie
Devlin, Dick
Dot & Son, Howard
Dodge, Ben (vocalist)
Darton, Robt. Sc.
Demosey Bros. (with McAllister)
Drew, Mike
Daily, W. H.
Dale, Jos. (p. o. m. Manchester, Eng.)
Dade, Harry
Kreole, W. (of McAllister's Minst.)
Eugene, — (of Eugene & Gaston)
Fagan, Barney
Filson, A. W.
Foresaugh, Andrew J.
Florence, G. A. (musician)
Fish, James
Frayne, F. I.
Ferguson, Robt.
Foy, Charlie
Fox, Jos. W.
France, F. F.
Forbes, Chas. (manager)
Fay, Hugh
France, Geo.
Fowler, Ala. (juggler)
Fance, Sid. C. (2)
Forepaugh, J. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Fulton, John
Frankum, G. W.
Forepaugh, Adam
Filkins, Robt (manager)
Gregory, C. (of Mc Wade's Co.)
Goldsmith, Jacob
Gulick, J. (of Dup. & Ben. Min.) (2)
Golden, Martin (manager)
Gotthold, Ellis
Gill, W. B. (comedian)
Hess, Sam
Hoffman, Chas. A.
Howard, Carrie
Hart, Enid (Parisian p. o. mark)
Hanlon, Carrie (song-and-dance)
Hindle, Annie
Hanlon, Carrie (song-and-dance)
Isaacs, Ada
Kneass, Mrs. Nelson
Lee, Minnie
Lucille, Fannie
Leslie, Carrie
Laurent, Lizzie
La Petite Julia
Lougee, Kittie
Marcia, Mlle.
Morrissey, Maude (vocalist)
Mitchell, Maggie
Henry
Mercer, Amanda
Macarte, Madam
Murdock, Mrs (actress)
Nielson, Chris-tien
Nash, Helen

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Girard, E. (of Emerson's Minst.)
Garland, Jos. (2)
Gilson, G (of Gilson & Granger, Tommy
Gerry, D. S.
Gilson, Geo.
Gibson, John
Guy, Sr. Geo.
Gilroy, M. (of Girard Bros.)
Gordillo, Sig. V.
Gilday, Chas.
Hoffman, E. B.
Henri, Prof. V.
Hodges, D. B. (of Hodges & Launderdale)
Hinrichs, F. (of Dup. & Ben. Min.)
Hart, Bob
Hall, James
Haworth, M. C.
Hanlon Bros.
Hussey, Frank
Hunter, G. W.
Herbert, E. (of Herbert Bros.)
Haskins, C. P.
Hanch, W. (of "biz")
Helm, Chas. E.
Heywood, W. (of Heywood Bros.)
Hamilton, Wiley (3)
Howard, L. (of How ard & Hunter)
Holbrook, Jas.
Hunter, Edward
Henry, H.
Hart, Frank
Hayden, W. (of Cole's Circus)
Haley & West
Hyland, W. (of Dup. & Ben Min.)
Himan, Spaff (magician)
Hall & Williams
Howard, G. (of Rice's Surprises Co.)
Hodges, Thos. (p. o. m. Wolverhampton, Eng.)
Irving, H. (of Buffalo Bill Co.)
Jasper, T. (of The Hottentots)
Jerome, Chas.
Judson, E. Z. C.
Jefferson, Tommy
Jordan, M. J.
Johnson, Lew
James, A.
Johnson, F. (of Sprague's Minst.)
Kaye, Billy (of Charles, Ft. Wayne)
Keating & Sands
Kane, Ed. (2)
Kelly & Conley
Kingsley, S. S.
Kenney, W. H.
Kelly, Jas. H.
Kilday, F. (of Elijah's Co.)
Kenny, Joe. M.
Leland, Matt
Leake, W. H.
La Martine, Harry
La Rue, Ed.
Lent, n. R. E.
Lile, W. E. (of Georgia Minst.) (2)
Layden, J. J.
Lewis, Frank
Leavitt, M. B.
Long, F. J.
Lorella, T. A.
Lorella, W. H.
Lorella, A. M. D
Lockwood, Harry 9c.
Lorella, J. C.
Lewis, Mr. (proprietor of)
Lemon Bros.
Leopold, H. (with Maffitt & Hartwell)
Lewis, Frank (vocalist)
Mertz, John
Monroe, Frank
Mack, H. W.
Marks or Marles, Harry
McKay, Dudley
Morris, Frank
McVicker & Saunders
Martelle, Joyce
Mason, L.
Paulding, Co.)
Meredeth, Harry
Monroe, Frank
McDonald, Felix
McGinley, G (lightning-calculator)
McElreth, S. B. (dramatic "biz")
Mayn, Lorenzo
McCarthy, Curley (2)
Moore, F. C.
Mortimer, G. A. (2)
Miner, Harry
Mack, J. H.
McGwine & Reech
Mordaunt, Frank
Mack, Dick (of Rourk & Mack)
Mack, Jas. E.
Coup's Circus)
McKann, J. Ray
McWade, Robt. (2)
Murphy, Jas. (musician)
Murphy, J. D.
Murphy, T. (of Bryant & Murphy)
Moore, Chas.
Moody, C. (of Guy Family)
Macauley's Stage manager. R.
May, Jas. H. or Jos H.
Merritt, S.
Morris & Green
Miller, Prof. Wm.
Montaldo, H.
McCabe, H. M.
Miller, Geo (of Emerson & Miller)
Manager of The Tourists
McDonald, C. H (manager) 9c.
Murphy, Paddy
McIntyre & Heath
Morris, J. (c. 3)
Martin, Sam
Miller, Frank (manager)
McIntyre, R. (of Miller's Wint. Garden, Phila.)
New York Combination, Great (2)
Nannery, W. (manager)
Nail, A. (of Drummer-Boy Co.)
Newman, F. (of Den Thompson's Co.)
Newman, W. (of Haverly's Phila.)
Oliver, Ne. (of Company Bradford, Pa.)
Orrin Bros. (9)
Owen, W. (of Huntley's Co.) A. (2)
Ott, Geo. A. (2)
Otto & T. H. Burlesque Co.
Odell, Wm. (circus "biz")
Organ, Wm. (horse-trainer)
Purvis, Wm. (of Walnut-st. Th ea. Phila.)
Parker, Harry
Patterson, J. P. (banjoist)
Phillips, W. F.
Pendy, John
Primrose, S. H. (2)
Pullman & Hamilton
Phillips, Chas.
Pearson, Sorelle
Patrick, J. C.
Potter, C. A.
Powers, J. (Irish "biz")
Quinnan, Jack
Rohn, O. (Dup. & Ben. Min.)
Romelli, Walter H.
Roberts, — (clog-maker)
Ryan, Sam C.
Rickaby, John
Riley, J. J. (Si Salem)
Rinaldi, W. (of The Rankin's)
Rice, Billy (of Haverly's Minst.)
Robbins, Burr
Ronaldo, Wm.
Rice, — (late Burton & Rice)
Rich & Ellsworth
Reed, C. (of Stroud Family Glee Co.)
Rogers, Tim (Irish "biz")
Rodolfe, Geo. B. & Mrs.
Rogers, B. (of Miss Co.)
Raymond, John T.
Ryan, T. (of Mendelssohn Quintette Club)
Rogers, C. (of McVickers & Rogers) (2)
Ross, D. (of Ross & Mack)
Rubini, L. (care of H. Haverly)
Ray, Billy
Rogers, Loraine
Roberts, Albert (of Wal. st. Thea., Phila.)
Riley, Tom
Rooney, Pat
Robinson, John (p. o. m. Oldham, Eng.) 8c.
Rabe, Louis (late of Brooklyn)
Searles, F.
Sands, W. (of Joe Murphy's Co.)
Studley, J. B.
Scanlan, W. (of Scanlan & Cronin)
Stirling, Geo. (actor)
Smith, Neil
Saunders, C. (of Saunders' Minst.)
Spencer, J. S.
Sully, W. (of Company, Washington)
Scott, F. (E. Buckingham's Manager)
Schneider, W. H.
Spencer, G. M.
Smith, Nat (with Big Four)
Searles, J. (of Dup. & Ben. Min.)
Sheridan, W. (of McKee Rankin's Co.)
Sullivan, — (of Haverly's Juv. Op. Co.)
Somerby, Rufus
Stella Bros.
Stephens, D. P. "Swiss Bells"
Smith, Josh (of Op.-ho., Pittsburg.)
Selleck & Co.
Sefton, John
Sylvia, C. (of Cole's Circus)
Smith, A. C. (p. o. m. Liverpool, Eng.)
Spencer, A. A.
Stone, James
Thayer, Dr. J. L.
Turner & Maas "Tour" (2)
Theatre, The (2)
Tinney, Jules (2)
Tenney, Ted 9c.
Thompson, John (On Hand) 9c.
Thompson, A. (late of Cole's Circus)
Thorpe, Prof. (of Stratageist Co.)
Tannes, Jerry (of Cole's Circus)
Velno, J. C.
Van Amburg & Co.
Whitman & Pickert
Walsh, Jas. E.
Woodson, Harry
Woods, Geo. W. (Cohea)
Welby & Pearl
Williams, Gus (Cool & Wet)
West, W. (of B. W. P. & W.'s Minst.)
Wright, Jas.
Weaver, Add
Waltham, Chas.
Wambold, C. (of Watson & Kennell's
Winnett, Thos.
Waldron, D.
Wayne & Lawrence
Willis, Oscar
Woods, Geo. W.
Wallace & Corbyn (2)
Wilde, Archie
Weeks, Harry
Wires C. (of M. Noble's Co.)
Warren, Gus (Dutch "biz")
Wiggins, H. (Amateur magician) (2)
Woods, The
Williams, H. (of Walnut-st. Thea., Phila.)
Walcot, C. W.
Williams, E. (of Sim. & Rank. Min.)
Warner, J. E. (manager)
Warner, H. (rope-walker)
Whitomey, Len
Welling, Al. (minst. "biz")
Ward & Lynch
Young, J. B. (banjoist)
Young Apollo Club, Mass.
Zebold, Geo.

THERE WERE LETTERS at the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office, Nov. 14, for: Billy Blair, late of McVickers'; C. E. Bianchette, Leonora Bradley, M. E. Crosa of N. Y. Theatre Co.; Herne Crumunis, (song and dance); Appa M. Grum, of Saville Opera Co.; H. A. Foster, Theatrical Manager; J. K. Gridnam, of Great Trans-Atlantic Circus; Mrs. Mary B. Hayes, Mrs. Hadaway, care of Will Owen; Lucien Moore, Matthew Ryan, of Trans Atlantic Circus; ana W. P. Sweatman, of Austin & Weir's Minstrels.

Answers to Correspondents.

[With the view of relieving the pressure upon our regular "Answers to Correspondents" column, we propose to insert here all replies to questions relating to amusements. Such queries as do not relate to amusements will be answered in our regular column, and should be written on separate slips of paper from those asking for information concerning amusements. Questions that do not reach the office until Monday morning will not be answered until the following week. No answer at all will be made, orally, by mail or by telegraph, to any question that we may have reason to think involves a dispute between individuals. All such will be answered publicly, through our columns.—ED. CLIPPER.]

T. W. C., Guelph—1. The term walking gentleman is used to denote a certain line of business in the dramatic profession, and it almost explains itself. The characters of that class are always gentlemen, and as they are almost continually on the move they are designated "walking." 2. An advance-agent goes ahead of the company and attends to the preliminary business before the arrival of the troupe he represents. We cannot spare the space to enumerate all his duties. Moreover, they vary according to the agent's experience and the condition he finds the agency may place in him. 3. A press agent's sole duties are to visit the newspapers and secure favorable notices for the show he represents. This requires great experience, tact and address.

O. R. T.—Laura Keene's Theatre, now the Olympic, was opened under Joseph Jefferson's management, May 18, 1850, with "The Invisible Prince," Mrs. John Wood being in the company. It was during this season, which lasted until Aug. 31, that "Our Japanese Embassy" was brought out, June 4. These facts were given in an answer published in this column in our issue of Oct. 25, and headed "Ramrod." To dissipate any lingering doubt, we will add that the Japanese Embassy arrived here on May 29, 1860.

ADMIRAL, Chicago; W. B. W., Toledo; J. E., New York; R., Tuscaloosa; and FANNIE, Chicago.—The object of this department is not to furnish the addresses of people who are not performing, or the whereabouts of those who are before the public. As to the latter, we endeavor to keep our readers fully posted from time to time through our regular amusement columns. We can spare neither the time nor the space to here locate professionals, and must beg to be excused from undertaking the task.

C. D. R., St. Louis.—Zoe Tuttle is the right name of the one. We do not know what is the right name of Daisy Murdoch. We do not make public the residences of professionals.

P. M., S. ndusky.—Adam Forepaugh is still living.

J. E. H., Pittsburg.—Cannot say.

F. M. P., Natick.—We never heard of an Allen Howard, and it is not usual to publish burlesques of the class written by the late Rollin Howard, whom you probably mean. Burlesques are of too ephemeral a character to warrant publication, except in rare instances; and it might transpire, if the matter were traced back, that "Would Be a Mason" is virtually the old farce of "Masonry Exposed."

MRS. H. C., Owego.—1. "Kerry Gow" is the property of Joseph Murphy, and it is not for sale. 2. Address Ed. James for a catalogue of plays. There are a large number designed for home amusement especially, and the catalogue gives the number of characters, as well as their sex, and it also states whether the chief character is Irish or Dutch or negro.

S. M. H., Cincinnati.—1. It is very likely that at some time in his career John McCullough has played at least two of those three roles. 2. James O'Neil has played Shakespearian roles. 3. Edwin Adams played Mercutio to Edwin Booth's Romeo at Booth's Theatre, this city, during the initial season of that house.

T. J. L.—1. There is nothing better than judicious practice to strengthen the voice for singing. 2. Walters and Morton were among the first to do the acrobatic song-and-dance. They were not fancy dancers. 3. When we last heard from Sam Rickey he was in Australia with the Victoria Lotus Troupe.

BOBBY TROTT, Carrollton.—The star system having been introduced at that house about that time, it is not likely Mr. Edwards also intends the performers at Bob's Minstrel Hall, this city, on Feb. 20, 1865. If the matter is important, we can get a partial list, and probably a complete one.

A. J. L. & Co.—They have been mentioned several times in the past few weeks. Look for a combination in which appear the names of J. S. Ashton and Little Dorrit Ashton. If you cannot find them hereafter, it will be because in all probability they have suddenly ceased traveling.

HARTER.—We have no knowledge of the whereabouts of Prof. Bly, who was at Barnum's Museum, this city, in 1861, and who subsequently went to England with the Astec Children. Perhaps some of our readers may be able to furnish us with the information.

TYRO, Philadelphia.—1. In writing a play the music-cues should be put in the original manuscript, if that manuscript is intended for use. 2. We believe that only a citizen of England or France can procure a copyright in the one country or the other.

LONDON.—The play of "Cuba" is in MS., and can be bought only of the author, who may be addressed through the manager of the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia.—W. D. Gemmill.

C. D. A., Sturgis.—There are no books that will teach you to become a circus-rider. Join a circus company. The pay varies from $8 a week to $250.

H. G., Indiana.—George S. Knight is not in this country. No bureau is handling him. He is playing in Great Britain under the indirect management of H. J. Sargent.

W. F. W., Indianapolis.—Don't touch panoramas. Advertise for an engagement as a novelty, and I think you may procure one somewhere at the West.

W. & L., Pittsburg.—1. We cannot say whether or not he ever had such assumed name. 2. Emmet is his right name, so far as we have ever been advised.

J. T. L., Wilkesbarre.—The lady was divorced a few years ago. 2. If she has been married again, no announcement has been made of the fact.

J. K., Jersey City.—T. P. Barnum's Circus and Menagerie was turned out at the Hippotheatron, this city, Dec. 24, 1872.

MRS. C. O. B., Brooklyn.—Miss Katharine Rogers is at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia. No answers by mail.

W. S., Buffalo.—Monsieur La Thorne, 126 Bleecker street, this city, can guide you as to juggling tools.

FRED. Troy.—You were answered some weeks ago. Alice Oates and Nellie McHenry are not sisters.

J. L., Chatham.—J. L. Sambrook is playing in the Far West with the Kendall Comedy Combination.

PABLO, Columbia.—"Pinafore" was first produced in this country at the Boston Museum.

THEATRE READER, Boston.—Address J. S. Mackaye, Madison-square Theatre, this city.

JENNIE L., Dallas.—Katie Putnam is traveling. Watch our amusement columns.

R. S. W., Rochester.—Without routes ahead your reports lose interest.

T. P., Raleigh.—You will have to watch our amusement columns.

M. P., New Orleans.—Address a letter to them in care of this office.

E. R., Baltimore.—We do not know.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Nov. 17, '79.

After a week of unfitful weather, disseminating the seeds of disease and imparting a bluish tint to humanity, a stiff breeze from the westward bore down upon us yesterday morning, driving away the clouds that had gathered over the houses of York, and leaving clear skies, a pure atmosphere, and bringing the balm and bloom of a thousand-and-one flowers to the cheeks of the most fastidious, as it were. This welcome change in the atmospheric conditions had a revivifying effect on the ever-faithful, and the streets were enlivened all the glorious Sabbath day by the presence of our fair wives and daughters decked in all the colors of a flower-garden. And so it was that the pews in the "Little Church Around the Corner" and the many other churches on our block were thronged with the bone and sin—or rather with the butterflies of fashion that fluttered in the breeze, and glittered in the noonday sun. It was this increase in the attendance of the worshipers that buoyed up the hearts of the pastors and gave encouragement to "The Pinafore" sinners who sat in the choir and lifted their tuneful voices in harmony and peace. And so, as the pious temples benefited by the sunshine and the invigorating breezes, and revelled in upon us like manna upon the children of Israel in the wilderness, histrionic edifices will experience the same blessings, and grateful managers and lessees of short-walking specialties will enjoy a happiness as great as that felt by the holy brethren of various persuasions. The theatrical season, thus far, has not been one of uninterrupted success, nor has money been wafted into the coffers of tried and trusting treasurers like unto the free, open countenances of equally tried and trusted, fearless managers, refitted and refinished at an expense of more than twenty thousand dollars, failed to meet the expectations of the new manager, Dion Boucicault, and it was not "Rescued" from the slough of despond until the gates were opened, the lights and the company put out, and Dion went forth into the night, sick and disconsolate:

Put away his little pieces
That our Dion did prepare;
He will need them, perhaps, never!
He's gone down the golden stair!

Then there was the little Brighton Theatre, founded on the foil where Jerry Thomas manipulated the jovial cobbler and decanted the inspiring juleps, benefiting from off the face of the earth as a slingdestroyer and punch rejuvenator, it fell into the hands of the Philistines, who, starting in upon a season of cork business, after a brief illness went out like the fizzle of Scotch ale and became deceased—killed again, as it might be said, by histrionic efforts of the Count Joannes failed to meet with their deserved reward, and the count gave it up as the baseless vision of an idle dream. With courage worthy of a gladiator of the halcyon days of burning Rome, Gregory stepped into the Brighton breach this season, determined to conquer or to die, for George "would a-wooing go" with the daughters of Thespis. He neither conquered or died, but, wrapping his martial mister around him, he went to Philadelphia by the Bound Brook route. Then there was the Olympic, years ago the pleasure home of Laura Keene's "Seven Sisters" and "Our American Cousin," our sisters, and our aunts. Since that gilded age the Olympic has undergone as many changes as the versatile and diversified kaleidoscope. It has gone from grave to gay, from lively to severely hard times. The latest to take hold of this once-famous resort was Brother Hofele, the last manager of the Old Bowery Theatre before it was converted into a German play-house. Brother Hofele has done his level best to make his two ends meet, as a Dutch sausage-maker would say, but it's vain. Even "Uncle Tom" took not kindly to him, and "The French Spy," with gorgeous Jennie Hughes as the salacious Spy, went back on the Hofele one like he was a cumberer of the ground. The Olympian game was played out last Saturday night, and the dear departed, like the progressive pilgrim with his little bundle on his back, went on his way *un*-rejoicing, but with bright hopes and cheerful anticipations as to what Windsor Castle, in the Bowery, may have in store for him in the bright lexicon of the coming season. The Lyceum, which, like a two-edged sword cut managers both ways until the Leviathan Haverly took hold of it, raketh in the ducats with an iron will, and crowdeth his house like a Presidential mass-meeting. Meeting with such great success on Broadway, he will shortly begin his horse performances in Chicago, the city that was so thoroughly purified by fire a-many years ago. But avast heaving, and call all hands to splice the main brace. With favoring breezes, with our triangular section sailing right in the vortex of time, and with nothing but holidays and festivities ahead of us, the theatrical boom and the showman's main guy should settle us down to an era of better times and general rejoicing. As the midnight-oiler has so tenderly put it:

Better to have lived and lost
Than never to have lived at all.

.....A dreadful thing occurred lately in Galesburg, Ill., which for a time caused quite a gale in that town; in the town it caused a want of healthful breezes. Three small boys, with malice prepense, it is claimed, did, while General Grant was passing through the town, shy untold eggs at the unconscious head of the gentleman who had just completed a voyage around the world in eighty days and more. The youthful offenders deny any intent to harm the General, whom they did not know from a bundle of peanuts; and we are inclined to believe the boys. It is evident to us that they looked upon the coming man and the passing show as Doctor Landis, and proved their curing scheme for this special benefit. Unfortunately, the Doctor long ago retired from the mimic stage, and so the designing wretches were frustrated in their fell purpose. We propose to immortalize the murderous plot in verse:

Three small boys, three small eggs,
They all ran away with the grocer's eggs,
There never was seen such a scamering of legs
As they shied at the General's head those eggs—
Three small boys.

.....If Charlotte Crabtree owes anybody anything, which we don't believe she does, the party to whom she is indebted will no doubt be glad to learn that she has plenty of money. Last week she bought in two parcels of land in the upper part of this city, for which she paid twenty-five thousand dollars! Great heavings! Is there really so much money in the world? We are told that she had previously made improvements on the property by putting more fares thereon, and afterwards enclosing, or rather *foreclosing* them. Lotta's rich! Let's all us bachelors go for her!.....England has been making a great fuss over her singing Edelweiss. Ruhl bosh. Why, in this country Edison' lighthouses are starting up everywhere. Some of our theatrical managers put up them up, while others very quaintly suggest that their business gives them all the light houses they want.

.....'Our Jim's" chum Blakey, who used to do a song-and-dance and a turnover in the entertainments given by the Grand Duke Concert Company, down there in Baxter street, is about to do his final turnover in the "Dance of Death," the young feller suffering from a complication of ills. Jim went to see him a few days ago. "Hello, Blakey, how goes it?" "Jim, I bleeve the jig's up—I'm consumpted, and sore wuss'n Job was, and I guess I'll soon hand in me checks." "Why, Blakey, yer as good as a dozen dead boys; *you're* all right. Somebody's been a-fillin' yer with dismal yarns; you'll come out right side up, *you* will." "Jim, if I don't git well, you kin have me boots and one hundred bourine and me clogs." "Look here, Blakey, stop that. You hain't a-goin' to die, Blakey, old part; *you'll* be down with the boys agin." "No, Jim; it's that sleepin' out o' nights and gittin wet and chilled that's caught me. It's consumshin. Jim, I'll never git well, and I'll never take her un in the Grand Duke agin. Feel my head, Jim." "Why, it's like ice, and all wet. What's the matter of yer, Blakey?" "That's death on the pale horse. Jim; I'm a-going out on the road with a strange company —you know. Jim, keep a eye on the old woman, will yer? She won't be here long; but, Jim, old pard, don't yer see her want for a loaf of bread, will yer?" "Blakey, put it there, old pard. Why, yer hands is all a-drippin, and cold as—scuse me. Blakey; I'll swear it; she shill have a fresh loaf if hay to steal it." And Jim pressed the bony hand of his chum, and drew the glazed cuff of his jacket across his eyes as he left the bedside of the dying cloggist, whose closing act will be done with Death on the Pale Horse. [The Jim boy has just dropped in to say that poor Blakey "passed 'em in" at noontide. Said the boy, in his grief, "she was jist as white as chork, and covered with biles and ulsters! But he didn't remig! He threw down his thin hand, and he sez, sez he, 'I pass!' That was all he said, and died! The last two cents I had, is onto his eyes! May-be you can let these few lines go into the paper about him:

IN MEMORIOPHUM.

Blakey was a boy who'd spend his last cent with yer—
And never go back on a friend in need.
As a handspringer he never came down onto his head—
This much is due to him now that he's dead!
As a song-and-dance boy he was as good as any other,
And, what's better still, he supported his mother!
If my boss he didn't pay me on Saturday night,
Blakey would always lend me a quarter till Monday morning.
No boy ever seen him drink beer by hisself,
Nor go onto the lunch-route without takin' some one along.
He perisht into his youth—which consumpehin took him off in—
He died at twelve o'clock to-day. Blakey's gone, but not forgotten.
P. S.—No flowers onto his coffin. "OUR JIM."]

.....The Picture," by Mr. Perdicaris, though well drawn, has not drawn well enough to warrant its retention on the stage of the Fifth-avenue Theatre, where it was presented last week. "La Societaire" was given with it on the opening night, and that closed his career. Had the public been made acquainted with its alleged indecencies, it might have crowded that house for weeks to come; but it was prematurely withdrawn; cold as ice was its reception, but the manager goes to still greater depths this week when he presents "The Frozen Deep," which, if that, too, should fail, may freeze out the enterprising caterer.....Two women in the orchestra stalls of a fashionable theatre. *First woman*, admiring the dress of one of the actresses—"Velvet is much worn nowadays." *Second woman*—"Yes, *any* dress would be worn if put on every night." Music.....Moody and Sankey, song-and-preach men, after a lengthy tour together, have separated for a short time, Moody getting a date Out West, and Sankey coming East for a rest.....A few of our Thespian friends took part in a play of "Hare and Hounds" a few days ago in the wilds of New Jersey. As one of the runners was passing a clump of young fellows digging marl, one of the latter remarked: "There goes a hound!" Just those few simple words; yet, for giving utterance to them the unoffending creature now writhes on a bed in Bloomfield Hospital, the ball not having been extracted.....When "Jo" Emmet wanted to create a laugh in his first "Fritz" he found it necessary to stand on his head, or do a little clowning business, as you will understand, in "Fritz in Ireland;" but Mr. and Mrs. Emmet has only to stand still and speak his lines to bring down the house, for the dialogue is brilliant with wit and smart sayings. It is now "words, not deeds!".....isn't it strange that the more the people are turned away from a theatre the more smiling they seem to be up next night?.....Although the principal play in the repertory of Robson and Crane is nothing but a "Comedy of Errors," yet they continue to present it. "Have the public no rights, etc.".....If, as is claimed by the Typographical Society, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is "the play of the period," why don't they put a periodical stop to it?..."Marigold," an opera now doing well in London, suggests what many of the young generation would like to do, viz., "Marry gold!" We are in receipt of a copy of our old friend Night Key Life, with the Kendall Comedy Combination.

PABLO, Columbia.—"Pinafore" was first produced in this country at the Boston Museum.

THEATRE READER, Boston.—Address J. S. Mackaye, Madison-square Theatre, this city.

JENNIE L., Dallas.—Katie Putnam is traveling. Watch our amusement columns.

R. S. W., Rochester.—Without routes ahead your reports lose interest.

T. P., Raleigh.—You will have to watch our amusement columns.

M. P., New Orleans.—Address a letter to them in care of this office.

E. R., Baltimore.—We do not know.

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

The son of William Farren, the English comedian, has recently made his first bow before an Australian audience, at Melbourne, having joined Arthur Cecil's company.....Among the amateur candidates at the recent competition of contributors with the London Royal Masonic Institution for Boys was Paul, son of George Belmore, the comedian who died in this country a few years ago.....On Nov. 13, John J. Duff, treasurer of Daly's Theatre, was tendered a banquet at the Hotel Brunswick in honor of his twenty-first birthday. The idea originated with Augustin Daly, and among the other participants were John A. Daly, John Duff, Jr., Davidge Jr., Catherine Lewis, Ada Rehan, Maggie Harold, and Margaret Lanzier.....Frascuelo, the famous bull fighter, whose decision as to the mortality of bulls is regularly printed, and whose immense funeral has been eloquently described, is getting along very well, having almost recovered from his injuries.....Mark Twain came to town on the 15th inst.....Robert Buchanan, the Scotch poet, has written a new play.....While making her exit from the stage in Buffalo, N. Y., on the night of the 13th, Miss Jennie Harold of Gus Williams' Company caught her foot in a groove and fell, badly spraining her ankle. She finished that performance, but was unable to appear on the following night.....Arrangements have been completed for the transfer of the Prince of Wales' Theatre, London, from the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft to Mr. Edgar Bruce. Mr. Bancroft will at Easter next resign his control of the Royalty Theatre.....Ruskin's "Modern Painters" has been translated into Russian by Miss Bodichevsky, "a lady worth's," Mrs. Burnett's new novel, has been dramatized by Joseph Hatton and Arthur Matthison, and produced in Manchester, England, and revealed "Lost Sir Massingberd."—Taillade is about to leave Paris for London to represent Shakespearian characters in English.....J. L. Toole's "Dolly Pentire, London, is to be formally opened on the night of Nov. 24.....James M. Hewlett, well known to the actors and minstrels of the olden time as a coffee-and-cake no'ability, died at Harlem, this city, on the 15th inst., at the age of 68 years.....The Canadian soprano, is to give her first concert in this city on Friday night, Nov. 21, at Chickering Hall.....Eas Morhall, the New York lawyer, has resigned to his native land, is there about to organize a Welsh choir for the performance of Welsh music.....Mme. Léonide Leblanc is the next candidate for the matrimonial market, of course. If she is successful, it will be a reinstatement.....Mme. Albani has been singing at Albert Hall, London, in "Elijah," for the first time in London, Nov. 20, in Florence, Italy, begins a Continental tour .... Some of the London papers pronounce "Henry V," as produced at Drurylane by George Rignold, a success in an artistic sense.....The London Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, was opened under its new name, the Connaught.....The son of Edmund Yates the novelist is a member of the company at Toole's Folly Theatre, London.....It is reported from the West that F. R. Paine, son of Judge Paine of Cleveland, O., will marry Miss Josephine Lacy the actress.....The veteran Joseph Tosso was to have given a violin solo at the last Sunday Social Reception at Chickering Hall.....Mlle. Marimon, Maplesom's new soprano in America, sailed from Liverpool on the 15th.....It is conceded that Miss Linda Dietz has made a hit in "Dutty" at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, London; we believe she was loaned from the Haymarket to take the place of an actress who was sick.....Tschaikowsky, the Russian composer, has just finished and personally conducted his "Romeo and Juliet" Overture.....There is a likelihood that Gerald Eyre will shortly appear at Wallack's Theatre.....Alfred Tennyson, England's poet-laureate, has written a one act play.....Miss Anna Dickinson is engaged in putting the finishing touches to several new plays from her pen.

CITY SUMMARY.

ROBERT STICKNEY, who holds a foremost rank among American jugglers, has been an engagement in Lent's New York Circus Nov. 10. His intrepid feats are accomplished with such singular grace and ease that they seem to be within the grasp of any novice; but this is the result of years of assiduous practice, combined with the strength of Hercules to give the appearance of pleasant pastime. James Messenger's display of strength and deftness in juggling large-sized cannon-balls quickly won the applause of the audience, and J. Robinson, clown, was successful in his endeavors to amuse the spectators. These constituted the initial performance, and the programme also included the entry of boys mounted on ponies, an equestrian act by Mlle. Marcellus, twin ponies exhibited by John Murray, a double eccentric act by the O'Brien Brothers, Pauline Lee's juggling on horseback, and the Mazuki Family in their changes in the first-part included "The King's Highway," sung by H. W. Frillman; "Only a Rose from Mother's Grave," by W. Raymond; and "Solid Dishes to the Front," by Billy Birch. The attendance continued large.

W. J. JUDD, the well-known dealer in magical apparatus, and Miss Anna Maria Seaman of London, Eng., on Nov. 10 were united in marriage by the Rev. R. J. Walker of the Floating Church of Our Saviour.

E. J. DALE, formerly assistant to the late Robert Heller, has been engaged to give magical entertainments at the Seventh-regiment Fair, a room having been fitted up for his special accommodation. In another apartment he will also exhibit, by means of the stereopticon, the pictorial life and death of Bluebeard. Mr. Dale's wife is so ill in this city that her recovery is considered uncertain.

AT THE BOWERY GARDEN, last week, the company included Dick Sands, Dan Nash, John H. Carle, Billy and Tommy Devere, Alex. Zanfretta, Conroy and Daly, Billy and Maggie Ray, the Martell Brothers, John Goodman, Nellie Nelson, Marie Desiree, Ed. Mills, Flora Zanfretta, and John Kane. Opening Nov. 17: Pettitt and White, Lasselle, Fred Sharpley, and John Carroll and Grace Levantine.

"MOTHER-IN-LAW-PHOBIA" is to be revived by the San Francisco Minstrels Nov. 17.

THE LAST WEEK of "Wives" in Daly's New Theatre is announced as the present, and the comedy is to be acted for the first time at a Wednesday matinee Nov. 19.

J. K. EMMET will continue his entertaining performances in "Fritz in Ireland" at the Park Theatre until further notice.

"FATINITZA," with Mlle. Jarbean as Vladimir, Mlle. Eivani as the Princess Lydia, George S. Weeks as Julian, and A. Van Houghten as Izzet Pasha, s to be sung in the Standard Theatre this week.

THE ELKS' BENEFIT.—Twice a year the friends of the Elks in this city assemble to encourage the noble charity represented by the order with their presence, and assist the worthy work with their money, and at the Elks' benefit and at the Elks' ball can always be found a congregation of our

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS
Opera-house, Broadway and Twenty-ninth street.
TWO HOURS OF SOLID FUN.
RECEIVED WITH SCREAMS NIGHTLY.
First week of
MOTHER-IN-LAW-PHOBIA.
Birch and Backus in their specialties, Thatcher, Ryman, Dixon, Frillman, Raymond, Russell, Stevens, French, Johnson, Powers, Ricardo, Mullaly.
SEATS SECURED. Matinee Saturday at 2. 35-1t*

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WANTED—Curiosities of all kinds and novel features. Address
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COURT-SQUARE THEATRE,
Brooklyn (formerly Hooley's).—Lessees and Proprietors, Hawkhurst & Fennell. This popular family place of amusement having been leased by the above gentlemen (who for a number of years managed it so successfully), they are prepared to arrange dates with COMBINATIONS ON LIBERAL SHARING TERMS. The only Family Theatre in the city accessible to traveling companies. Apply as above. N. B.—The Theatre entirely refitted; seating capacity, 1,000. 35-1t*

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HARRIGAN & HART.....PROPRIETORS

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Artists of ABILITY AND REPUTATION
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FIRST-CLASS COMBINATIONS
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having given up this place, any good company or manager of variety show may take possession of the same immediately, free of any charge whatever. 35-1t

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Must be prepossessing and have a good figure. Instruction given, and everything furnished. Would like to hear from the Hartford lady who partially arranged with Miss Raymond in January last. Address, for two weeks, O. B. COLLINS, Academy of Music, Chicago, Ill. 35-1t*

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IS SOLE PROPRIETOR
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GAIETY THEATRE,
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FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

EUROPEAN NOVELTIES.

"La P'tiote,"

a five-act drama by Maurice Drack, was recently first acted at the Chateau d'Eau Theatre, Paris. The plot is as follows: "The Baron De Noirefontaine has been murdered by his friend and constant guest, Doctor Stadler. One evening, as he was returning home on horseback by a rugged path, a cord, stretched between two trees, caught him across the throat, hurling him into a stony quagmire a hundred feet below. His body was found next morning horribly mutilated, and his death was attributed to accident. His widow, who forgets the terrible catastrophe only too soon, has consented to wed Stadler, when an incident arises to delay their nuptials. There was a witness of the murder. From the top of the cemetery wall a gravedigger named Bechamort had seen Stadler and his accomplice, Ragache, prepare the fatal trap into which their victim soon fell. He did not intervene to prevent the accomplishment of the crime because he had an old grudge against the Baron, who, having once caught him poaching, had thrashed him so soundly with a stick that he left him for dead. But since his burial the gravedigger has been tormented by remorse. Every night voices are ringing in his ears, and the phantom of the murdered man bids him reveal what he has seen, so that the crime may be avenged. Then the poor wretch strives to drown his terror in drink; but, though he may render himself senseless, the voices always continue to haunt him. At last, unable any longer to endure the terrible visions, he confesses all to the Procureur-general of the district, M. Pascalis, who is brother to the Baronne De Noirefontaine. Who the murderer is he does not divulge; but he declares that he was a friend of the deceased Baron, and that he is at that very moment at the chateau. Pascalis resolves to lose no time in avenging the death of his brother-in-law, and at once sets out for Noirefontaine. Here it should be mentioned that the Baronne's daughter, Genevieve, who has just left her convent-school, has arrived at the chateau, and, with a girlish desire to surprise her mother, whom she had not seen for three years, she hides herself behind some curtains in the Baronne's room at the sound of approaching footsteps. They are those of her uncle, the Procureur-general, whose mind is full with the idea of the crime. Who the murderer can be he cannot imagine. The gravedigger must be deranged, and he has spoken under some hallucination. Suddenly he is struck by the sound of steps in the adjoining room, and, while he is wondering who can take the liberty of intruding thus in his sister's apartments, Stadler enters. A suspicion at once crosses the magistrate's mind. He questions the doctor rapidly, and the latter does not attempt to conceal the intimacy existing between him and the Baronne; he announces, even, that in a few days he will be her husband. The plot concocted by Stadler is at once apparent to Pascalis, and by a few clever allusions he succeeds in causing evident confusion in the other's mind. Then he abruptly announces to the adventurer that the Baron had been murdered, and that the culprit is known. Stadler grows pale. The Procureur-general then particularizes his accusations, and when the other grows indignant he threatens to have him arrested. 'Take care what you do,' retorts Stadler, 'for the murderer had an accomplice, a veiled female who was seen with him on the spot where the crime was committed. That woman is the Baronne De Noirefontaine!' And when the brother tells him that his hideous accusation is a falsehood the wretch takes from his pocketbook a letter, dated the eve of the murder, in which the Baronne calls on him to rid her of the suffering she has to undergo. Pascalis is utterly overcome by this unexpected revelation, and Stadler leaves the room triumphant. The Baronne enters the chateau, and as her brother goes to meet her Genevieve leaves her hiding-place. The poor girl is dazed with fright and horror. Her father was murdered, and her mother was a party to the crime! As she is turning the terrible story in her young mind, she hears her mother calling to her. She feels that she never can again see the Baronne; for to support her caresses in silence would be as impossible as to tell all she knows, and be forced to curse her; so, at the moment when her mother's foot is on the threshold of the room, Genevieve throws herself from the window into the torrent which flows beneath. The Baronne utters a piercing shriek, her brother rushes forward, casts a reproachful glance at his sister, exclaims 'Behold the expiation!' and plunges into the water to save Genevieve. She is borne by the current to the opposite bank, but Pascalis sinks a victim to his devotedness. The poor girl, when she finds herself once more on dry earth, only thinks of escaping from her mother, and wanders aimlessly along the deserted road until she falls in with a troupe of strolling mountebanks, making the round of the province under the managership of the scoundrel Ragache, who had aided Stadler in preparing the villainous device by which her father had been murdered. She is soon known among this rough band by the name of La P'tiote, 'the little one,' and hence the title of M. Drack's piece. For a brief space she lives among these wandering acrobats in peace, until at last one of their number, after coming to a hideous bargain with Ragache, attempts violence towards her. Happily, however, a young painter, Gabriel Kauffman, passes at the moment, and, aided by his friend Debray, succeeds in rescuing the young girl from the hands of the ruffianly crew. In doing so, however, he has received a treacherous wound from Ragache, and the magistrate of the district, charged with bringing the latter to justice, has to examine Genevieve as to the facts of the affray. She has been received into the house of Gabriel's mother, but obstinately refuses to furnish any information regarding her family; nor will she explain how she came to be a member of Ragache's troupe. She knows that to do so would be to reveal the terrible secret weighing so heavily on her mind. She has resolved to escape from her persecutors; in order to avoid further questionings, when the Baronne, accompanied by Stadler, comes to Kauffman's studio. She is in mourning for her daughter, and for a year has been worn down by sorrow. Still, as the body has not been found, she always cherishes the belief that her daughter is not dead. Suddenly the heart-broken mother utters a cry. On the painter's easel is the sketch of a portrait the features of which are Genevieve's. Intoxicated with joy, she searches, and at last comes face to face with the young girl, who recoils with horror at the sight of Stadler, repulses her mother, and falls in a faint. The Baronne cannot imagine what can be the motive of the horror which her child has thus manifested towards her. This scene is singularly powerful, and holds the audience breathless. Then in another very strong and very touching scene Kauffman's friend Debray succeeds in eliciting from Genevieve the terrible suspicions against her mother by which her mind is haunted. Madame De Noirefontaine, who had always believed that her husband's death was caused by accident, indignantly repels the accusation and protests her innocence; while, as may be at once surmised, the infamous Stadler and his accomplice Ragache are delivered up to justice, Genevieve becoming the bride of Gabriel Kauffman, to whom she owes her rescue." The drama, which is said to have had a tremendous success, is interpreted by M. Pericaud as Ragache, M. Bessac as Kauffman, Mlle. Lecomte as Genevieve, and Mlle. Malhardie as the Baronne.

"La Jolie Persane,"

a new comic-opera by M. Lecocq, was, as announced by us last week, produced at the Renaissance Theatre, Paris, Oct. 28. The libretto is by MM. Leterrier and Vanloo, and a correspondent has the following to say about it: "According to our authors, in Persia a class of individuals exist who are called 'Hulias,' and their business in life is to marry four or five hours divorced wives so as to enable them to return to their former husbands. Such, we are informed, is the Persian custom. A divorced couple cannot be reunited unless the wife has made trial of another spouse. But in the Shah's dominions, as everywhere else, a method for evading the law is easily found. The 'Hulias' are public functionaries, as it were, who accept the role of bridegroom for the nonce, and undertake to restore intact all ladies confided to their care. Broudoudour has in this way contracted the bonds of temporary matrimony 115 times, and is to pass his 116th wedding-night with Namouna before taking to wife for good and all a captivating seller of melons called Babouche. So he instals himself on a sofa, rolls a handkerchief round his head, and in one part of the room, which is chastely divided for the purpose, prepares to snore his night away, as he had so frequently done before. But a young scamp of a Prince, who had taken a great fancy to Namouna, slips into the pseudo-nuptial chamber, and, profiting by the Hulia's sound sleep, steals a kiss from the little bride, who awakes in a terrible state of excitement, and while the Prince escapes charges poor Broudodour with the crime. He can offer no effective defense, and is condemned, also in accordance with the Persian law, to remain married for life to the woman whom he had only intended making his bride for a day. This, as may be supposed, does not please Namouna, who only desires to return to her former husband. Luckily, all is set to rights by the Prince's avowal—Namouna returns to Nadir, Broudoudour's character is cleared, and he weds his Babouche, while the Prince discovers a new flame." Mlle. Jane Hading appeared as Namoura, Mlle. Gelabert as the Prince, and Mlle. Desclauzas as Babouche.

"The Death-warrant,"

an Irish drama, with the additional title of "A Race for Life," was performed at the Grecian Theatre, London, Oct. 25. The author is H. P. Grattan, and the story is as under: "The hero is Edward O'Brien, a young soldier, who, by love of one Norah O'Donnell, who comes to him in the disguise of a fortune-teller, is tempted from his duty, and is consequently denounced as a deserter. When Norah has conducted him to the retreat of the 'patriots,' she draws for him a picture of the disgrace that awaits him should he return to his post—of the lash and dungeon; and she offers him the alternative of the leadership of the rebels, and Norah's hand and heart. His decision is quickly made in favor of the alternative suggested, and Norah, throwing off her disguise, at once flies to his arms. But the troops, headed by Major Blakeley, are approaching, and presently come marching over the old bridge which spans the cliffs where the 'patriots'' have assembled. Neglecting O'Brien's counsel, these 'patriots' are soon fully engaged, and speedily they suffer defeat, O'Brien, however, doing good work, and actually saving the Major's life after conquering him in single combat. Now, of course, a good start has been made with a good and exciting story, and, without detracting from its interest for the visitor by giving its various details, we may say that the 'traitor and deserter'' is presently arrested, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to death. The appeal on his behalf of mercy is at first rejected, and even when the pardon is granted its dispatch to the proper quarter is delayed through the machinations of villains, and there follows what is very properly described as "a race for life;" for it is not until O'Brien is on his way to the place of execution, the critical hour has arrived, and all hopes seemed banished, that delivery comes, rascality finds its schemes defeated, and the prospect of happiness opens up to compensate for our hero's past trials and troubles.

"Monsieur"

is the name given to a new three-act comedy, by A. Sylvester and Paul Burani, recently presented at the Athenee Theatre, Paris, and which is thus written about: "The title is that given among Parisian soiled doves to their protector—that is, to the confiding individual who supplies the sinews of war and pays for their extravagances. Of course, they are supposed to have some favored swain, who never draws his purse-strings—a person who usually does not, indeed, possess a purse, but who is always a welcome guest, while monsieur is invariably a bore, whose presence and attentions are endured, but by no means liked. The more he showers gold into her lap, the more the modern Danae dislikes the latter; but the former is her chosen companion on fete days and holidays. The peculiarity of the present work, and what renders it particularly 'strong' and, therefore, disgusting, is that Monsieur Saint-Nitou is a young husband, and his favored rival no other than his own father-in-law, an old rake who is full of fun and frolic, always gay, and never short for spicy small talk, whatever he may be for cash. This latter, M. Vercantin, lives in his son-in-law's house, and is separated from his wife. He ought to pay a sum to Saint-Nitou for his board and lodging, and has also to make his wife a handsome allowance as the price of the bachelor liberty he enjoys. As for his success in his love affairs, suffice it to say that he is adored by Olympe, his son-in-law's mistress, by Yvone, her maid, and also by Virginie, his daughter's attendant. Once his wife had pounced on him *flagrante delicto*, he had to increase her allowance substantially, and now all that lady desires is to catch him at fault a second time. The son-in-law, without knowing it, causes Vercantin to spend the night in the street, and the latter, in a foaming rage wants to find out who the selfish individual is that keeps Mlle. Olympe all to himself in such a way. And while he is thus searching for his rival he is himself being pursued by his wife. One can easily imagine the imbroglio to which this double hunt gives rise. Madame Vercantin, thinking that she is about to entrap her husband, finds her son-in-law in high jinks with a comedy and Saint-Nitou, when he discovers that he has been deceived by his mistress for the sake of his father-in-law, is so humiliated that he renounces his evil ways, and promises to be a model husband in the future. In the third act resort is had to M. Hennequin's devices, and there is too much use made of practicable doors, so that the audience evidently felt this part of the piece a little tiresome; but, as people who go to the Athenee must be prepared to swallow a great deal of rubbish along with the dirt, this drawback does not interfere with the success of the piece, which should be styled a burlesque, not a comedy."

DRAMATIC.

THE NEW THEATRE at Geneva, Switzerland, is said to rank in beauty and extent next to the opera-houses of Paris and Vienna. The cost has been defrayed from the proceeds of the Brunswick legacy, and, including the value of the land on which it is built, exceeds 5,000,000f. It is, of course, the property of the city of Geneva, and for a year at least will be managed by the municipality. It is intended to continue the system, certainly peculiar to Geneva, of submitting the claims of debutants to the direct suffrages of the playgoers. A book is kept in which regular frequenters of the theatre may enter their names, and whenever it becomes a question of making an addition to the company the aspirant is required to perform three times, after which a meeting is called to decide whether he shall be permanently engaged or not. Players at Geneva are thus, like pastors and town councillors, chosen by universal suffrage.

MISS HELEN BARRY, while playing in "Caryswold," at Liverpool, Eng., Oct. 29, was accidentally slightly wounded in the arm with a dagger used by one of the artists.

MISS ELAINE VERNER, a pupil of George Neville, was announced to make her debut in London at the Adelphi Theatre, Nov. 15, in the role of Juliet. She is said to be "young, beautiful and highly accomplished, being an excellent painter, pianist, violinist, singer and dancer."

"TWIXT AXE AND CROWN" has been revived at the Park Theatre, London.

"NICHOLAS NICKLEBY" has supplanted "Rescued" at the Adelphi Theatre, London, the latter production having proved a flat failure.

JOHN BELLAIR, the veteran actor and manager, best known in connection with the Strand Theatre, London, and the Theatre Royal, Belfast, Ireland, died in the latter city Oct. 23.

H. W. JACKMAN, treasurer of the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, Scotland, died Oct. 14.

Our Australian Letter.

From, Our Own Correspondent.

MELBOURNE, Oct. 7, 1879.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER: Previous to commencing my usual history of the musical and dramatic events of the past month, I wish to say a few words on a subject of great importance to the profession. The market for the supply of dramatic artists is as much affected as are other markets by the laws of supply and demand. At this present time, both in this colony and New Zealand, there is a perfect glut of first-class artists out of collar. In Melbourne alone there are at the very least two excellent companies now in forced idleness, and among some of the managers a system of job-acting, *i. e.*, for the run of a play, is now being inaugurated to the detriment of the profession. On these grounds—oversupply and job-acting—I would urgently advise stock artists to think twice ere they cast in their lot with ours. First-class stars will always receive support from the public, but they must be of the highest grade.

On the departure of the last mail Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Williamson had possession of the boards of the Theatre Royal. They have appeared in "Struck Oil" and "The Chinese Question," which were followed by the reproduction of "Arrah-na Pogue," "The Fool of the Family," "Kerry," and now they are playing in "The Danites," the right to play it having been purchased by Mr. Williamson from McKee Rankin. The well produced, the scenery, by John Jennings, being excellent. Mr. Williamson plays Sandy; Maggie Moore, Billy Piper and Nancy Williams; and Alfred Dampier, the Parson. The Williamson engagement will close Friday night next (they then go to Sydney), and on the succeeding night a dramatic version by Marcus Clarke from Wilkie Collins' novel, "The Moonstone" will be presented with a reduction of prices, which, after next week, will be: Dress-circle, 3s.; upper circle, 1s. 6d.; stalls, 2s.; pit, 1s.; and gallery, 6 cents.....At the Opera-house, Lyster & Garner's London Comedy Company has been doing an excellent business. The ladies and gentlemen of the troupe are, in their particular line of business, far superior to any who have preceded them. The comedian and the star of the company is Fred Marshall, who may fairly claim to take the place in the dramatic world of the late Fred Robson. In Mr. Gordon, the scenic artist, we have a gentleman of more than usual genius, and whose productions are real works of art. Since my last the company have appeared in "Dreams," "New Men and Old Acres," and are now playing "Milky White" and the comedy of "War to the Knife." On Saturday next "Pygmalion and Galatea" will be revived and acted for the first time by this company.....The People's Theatre, under the management of Theodore Hamilton, has become an institution in this city. With cheap and popular prices of admission, he appeals to and obtains the support of that class of playgoers who revel in melodramas of the Old Bowery blood-and-thunder school. Mrs. F. M. Bates has for some time past been the bright particular star of this house, but is placed *hors de combat* through severe illness. Her reappearance will shortly take place. The dramas that have lately been produced have been "East Lynne," "Flowers of the Forest," "Capitola" "Across the Continent," "Tried but True," and they are now playing in "The Sprigswaween."....Hayman, Hiscocks & Co., having become sub-lessees of St. George's Hall, in conjunction with "American War" Rainer (J. C.), have thoroughly redecorated that temple of minstrelsy, and it is now opened with the largest and most complete minstrel company ever brought together in all Australia. The Mammoth Minstrels—for that is the name they are known by—include Messrs. Brown and Newlands, Cheever and Kennedy, W. Horace Bent, E. Amery, Thos. Campbell, Lou's Braham, C. S. Fredericks (late of Kelly & Leon), J. Delaney, Beaumont Read (late of Kelly & Leon), and Frank Weston ("Wizard Oil Man.").....In consequence of some misunderstanding and want of the circulating medium, I regret to note that the pretty little Academy of Music is closed until further orders. It came about in this wise: The lessee was under agreement to settle all demands for the band and officials in the front of the curtain, J. L. Hall, the lessee, to provide company and everything behind the baize. One night last week the band struck in consequence of no ghost walking. Mr. Hall and his company were dressed for the play. Insured A 1 at Lloyd's," and, finding expostulation useless, dismissed the audience, returned their money, and closed the theatre. As to future movements regarding this house, nothing is yet made public.....The mail steamer Assam left here on Saturday for India, carrying with her Henry R. Harwood (the most popular manager the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, ever had), Mrs. A. R. Harwood, Messrs. Webb & Trotter and their Royal Marionettes, who have been engaged by Mr. Harwood for a lengthened tour through India, the Burmese Empire and Japan. They intend, if possible, to strike Bombay first.....By the last mail-steamer (Australis) from San Francisco came the Camilla Urso Opera Troupe, including the great violinist herself, Jennie Sergent and Mons. Sauret. They arrived in Melbourne on Saturday last, and will shortly make their debut before an Australian audience.....C. H. Taylor, comedian of the Theatre Royal, will in November, in company with Miss Ella Carrington, secede from that establishment. They have organized a troupe to be called "The Stray Leaves Combination," which, beside the pair already named, will include Miss Nellie Mansell, a pretty little soubrette singer, actress and dancer; John Forde, vocalist, late of Lyster's Opera Company; and J. Delaney, conductor. Mr. William Evans, everywhere in Australia and New Zealand known as the Irish King, has been secured as agent in advance.....I very much regret to chronicle the decease of Alfred Telo, the well-known literateur and dramatic and musical critic. His death took place rather suddenly at his residence, Melbourne, on Saturday last (Oct. 4, 1879), at the age of 47.....John L. Hall and his comedy company are now in the provinces. To-night they play in Kyneton, and Castlemaine, Sandhurst and Ballarat will be visited in turn..... Turning to the other colonies, I find that the Theatre Royal, Adelaide (South Australia), is still occupied by Lyster's English and Italian Opera Company, which includes Mlle. Antoinette Link, Mme. Rose Hersee, Miss Agnes Palma, Mrs. J. H. Fox and Miss E. A. Lambert, Signor Paladini and Messrs. George Verdi, Armes Beaumont, George Johnson, Angeiri, Francis Gaynor, A. Howell, and Signor Alberto Zelman as conductor. The business I hear has been exceedingly good....White's Rooms on King William street are open with an exhibition of the American War, owned by Mr. Thompson.....The newly-erected Academy of Music on Rundle street is closed, and has been for some months. It has proved a great mistake from its very inception, and will incur an immense loss on the lessees and proprietors.....In New South Wales the Exhibition season was looked forward to as the golden opportunity for the caterers for public amusement, but all have been disappointed, as the public patronage has seldom been so limited as it is now.....The Victoria Theatre is under the joint lesseeship of Messrs. Bennett and George Darrell, and several of the latter gentleman's dramas are being presented, with the actor-author in the principal roles.....At the Theatre Royal (lessee Mr. S. Lazar), Miss Augusta Dargon has been performing some of her high-class dramas, but, to the shame and disgrace of the cornstalks, the patronage accorded her has been very slim. The test their taste, she appeared as Judy O'Trot in "Ireland As It Was," a tissue of the veriest trash and rubbish ever put on a stage. It took, and drew good houses. On Friday evening last Miss Dargon took her farewell of the Sydney people as Julian in "The Honeymoon," and on the following evening a season of burlesque was initiated, with Mlle. Scasi as the star burlesque actress.....Messrs. Kelly & Leon are now taking a rest, prior to opening their new play-house, now building on Pitt street. .....Baker & Farron have become the lessees of the Queen's Theatre, and have engaged Mr. Leddy, one of the ablest of business-managers, to act for them in that capacity. They are now appearing in a protean drama entitled "The Cut Glove, or the Bitter End."..... At the School of Arts, Hayman, Hiscocks & Co. are presenting Prof. Heper, who is under engagement to them to deliver a series of scientific entertainments and lectures, interspersed with songs by Miss Octavia Lane.....The Guildhall is leased by Martin Simonson, who is doing very excellent business with the "Problemo" Variety Company he lately brought out from San Francisco. Two circuses also have been here, viz., "Burton's Great Australian Circus" and the English circus run by Hayes & Beaheene.....At Newcastle (N. S. W.) Mr. Creswick and his daughter-in-law, Miss Helen Ashton, are playing a star engagement at the Victoria Theatre; and at the Protestant Hall in the same town, Woodruffe's Bohemian Glassblowers are located.....In Wagga-Wagga (N. S. W.) two circuses are splitting business—hardly enough for one—they are Ashton's Circus and St. Leon's Big Show.....In the Northern Colonty of Queensland amusements are few and far between. At the Queensland Theatre, Brisbane, the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company, which includes Chas. B. Hicks (manager), Lewis, George W. Collier, Mrs. Collier (Lizzie Rush) and Nellie Holmes, are giving the Brisbanites a touch of their quality in the above overdone drama; and at the Old School of Arts, in the same city, the Mattie Taylor Troupe, lately arrived from San Francisco, are showing to good business. The troupe consists of Mattie Taylor, a clever little protean actress; Alice Swain, violin-soloist; Jessie Taylor, guitarist; Arabella Drearway, vocalist; Harry McMahon, cornet-soloist; Joe Taylor, comedian; and R. A. Cunningham, business-manager.....A glance through the New Zealand papers enables me to send the following items (date Sept. 27): At the Theatre Royal, Chrisichurch, the Lingard Comedy and Burlesque Company are playing in "Le Petit Duc," the part of the Little Duke being taken by Miss Alice Dunning (Mrs. Lingard). Their company includes Miss Alice Woodridge, Miss Melrose and Miss Blanche Leopold. Messrs. George Leopold, Warner (son of Henry Nell Warner), and others of lesser repute.....Miss Rose Osborne was married about a week ago to D. E. Brewster, late purser of City of Sydney, California mail-steamer. George D. Chaplin gave away the bride. The wedding did not interfere with the performance, as Miss Osborne appeared at the Theatre Royal (Auckland) the same evening. The Chaplin-Osborne season here is said to have been a good paying one.....The Victoria Loftus Blondes, piloted by Phil Kirby, are making a heap of money by their performances. They are preached at from the pulpit, they are lectured from the platform, and slated by the bulk of the press; and still they are successful. They are now performing at the Gaiety Theatre, Christchurch.....Wybert Reeve's New Zealand season has been successful. He shortly returns to England.....Richard Dorsay Ogden and his newly married wife, professionally known as Miss Beatrice, have severed their connection with Hayman, Hiscock's & Co.'s Dramatic Combination. They will shortly quit New Zealand for Melbourne.....J. P. Hyde and his comedy and burlesque company are (Sept. 25) playing at Sloan's Theatre, Invercargill.....The Hudson Surprise Party, organized by that clever minstrel performer Tommy Hudson, are prosecuting their tour through New Zealand, at latest making their way Auckland-wards. CALLBOY.

MUSICAL.

"MARIGOLD," a comic-opera, adapted by Arthur Mathison from "Le Droit du Seigneur," was successfully introduced to an English audience at the Olympic Theatre, London, Oct. 29. In the present version the story of "Marigold" is thus revealed; The scene is a French village, where a number of young peasants of both sexes are assembled to protest against the edict of the Baron Ferdinand, the Seigneur, who has imposed his authority upon the villagers in the most offensive manner, namely, the Baron has forbidden marriages, and a placard, stuck upon a tree of the village green, informs the world that, from that date, no more weddings may be permitted. The greatest sufferers are Marigold and Bibolais, who had arranged for their marriage on the very day this astounding placard is exhibited. The reasons for the Baron's determination soon appear. He is a great lover of the fair sex in general, and of Marigold in particular, and finds the lover Bibolais very much in the way; and he is still further perplexed by the suspicions of the Baroness, who has watched his attentions to the pretty Marigold with strong feelings of jealousy. The name of Marigold was given, it appears, owing to the birthmark on the girl's shoulder similar in appearance to that flower, and Marigold sings a pleasant little song respecting it to the Duc de Noces-Defendues, who, surprising the maiden as she was about to bathe in the river, is charmed with her appearance, and also struck by the singular mark upon her shoulder. It appears the Duc can suspend the Baron's authority, and an appeal is made to him against the Baron's tyranny on the marriage question. The Duc, who is much interested in Marigold, and who has lost a child in infancy, begins to fancy that this girl must be his missing offspring. He has fourteen daughters already, but he determines upon taking Marigold to his arms, when the discovery is made that the lost child was not a girl but a boy, and Bibolais, the lover of Marigold, is the heir of the Duc, who rejoices that in consequence the family name will not become extinct, and readily consents to the union of the lovers. The cast included Miss Mulholland as Marigold, Miss Edwards as the Baroness, A. Rousbey as the Baron, and C. Mudie as the Duc.

VARIETY HALLS.

VAL VOSE, ventriloquist, and Ira (commonly called Dick) Brown, banjoist, sailed from Sydney, N. S. W., Sept. 23, for Singapore, Java, China and Japan.

DANIEL BARNARD, proprietor of Barnard's Music Hall, Chatham, Eng., died Oct. 26.

CIRCUSES.

LUFROIL'S ROYAL HAWAIIN CIRCUS is to commence a second annual tour of the Hawaiian Islands Nov. 20.

CHIARINI'S CIRCUS, en route to Australia, performed in Honolulu, H. I., Oct. 6.

WHILST PLAYING "The Steeple Chase" in a foreign circus, Caddie Whipp's, in Brunn, Austria, a young woman known as Miss Amy Samwells, "queen of the wire," was recently passing round the back of the circus when she was suddenly attacked by a stag used in the chase. She was knocked down, severely injured, and her husband, hearing her cries, rushed out of the dressing-room with a crowbar, and succeeded in beating off the animal.

CARROZZA'S RECEPTION.—The correspondent of *The London Times* at Rome, Italy, gives the following incident concerning Antoinetta Carrozza, who was implicated with the circus-rider Pietro Cardinali in the murder of Captain Fadda, but was acquitted by the jury on the ground that she acted under fear of Cardinali, whose mistress she was), while he was convicted and sentenced to death, and Raffaella Saraceni, Fadda's wife, who inspired the deed, was sentenced to hard labor for life, as has already been mentioned in THE CLIPPER. The correspondent says: "Antoinetta Carrozza, who is a circus-rider, appeared Nov. 10 in the Politeama arena here before the most crowded audience ever assembled there. Half the people assembled at the doors were unable to gain admission. Carrozza was received with storms of applause. Many ex-Ministers, Senators, members of the Chamber of Deputies and magistrates were present."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE EXPOSITION in Sydney, N. S. W., is said to be a failure.

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